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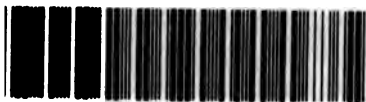
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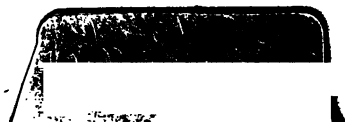
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**THE
PAVILION;**

OR,

A Month in Brighton.



THE
PAVILION;

OR,

A MONTH IN BRIGHTON.

A Satirical Nobel.

BY

HUMPHREY HEDGEHOG, ESQ.

Author of

"A MONTH IN TOWN." "GENERAL POST BAG,"
"REJECTED ODES," &c.

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POETICAL PREFACE.

"**A**NOTHER work!" methinks some critic bawls,
Snug in the rendezvous beside St. Paul's,*
"More filthy libels—more seditious stuff!
"When will the silly world cry—' *quantum suff!*'
"When will Sir WILLIAM cut the cobweb tissue
"With the keen scissors of an *ex-officio*?"—

* The Chapter Coffee House, where priests and laymen, and all the long train of gifted and ungifted critics, hold their nightly assemblies, and sit in judgment on all those who are known "by their works."

"Scribbling again!"—cries ARISTARCH the Se-
"cond,

"The fellow's swinish wits are, wine-like, fecund ;

"A month ago I heard SAM SPYALL hint it,

"But hop'd no rascal would be found to print it !

"Curse on that democratic impudence

"Which fills up all the cavities of sense !

"Curse on that vile irreverent disposition,

"Which points at kings the syringe of sedition ;

"That ever Slander's devilish cud is chewing,

"And some new tale of froth and falsehood brew-
ing !"

"I was ever so—who works with satire's tools,

Must run the gauntlet thro' a herd of fools.

A thousand knights, with more of folly's thirst

Than old La Mancha's brainless errant curs'd,

Couch their quill spears, with hatred most profound,

But plant a laurel where they wish a wound.

Shew me a Prince that boasts one honest friend,

Who fears not, while he seeks not, to offend—

One free-born soul, undaunted to defy
 The venal flattery and the courtly lie;
 And truth shall promptly picture to the brain,
 For each such wight, a slavish sickly train;
 Fools without bells, and madmen without cords,
 Who vomit echoes, and miscall them words.
 Zounds! they beset the throne, like crows to feast
 Round the rank carrion of some putrid beast;
 And, renegades from every manly grace,
 Count e'en their souls a cheap exchange for place.

Be mine the pride—and dirty drivellers still
 May fume, and fawn, and flatter as they will—
 Be mine the pride, in these degenerate days,
 For no base ends to prostitute my praise,
 To weave no laurel for a drunkard's crown,
 Nor win a court by hunting virtue down.
 Let foul abuse assault me as it may,
 Asperse my motives, and obstruct my way,
 Let venal curs from every kennel pour
 Their harsh, discordant, and tumultuous roar—

Grant me, great heav'n! the firm undaunted breast,
By love of freedom and of truth possess'd,
The will to live unhought, the pow'r to be,
In mind, and faculty, and action, free!

Princes have follies—and they are but men
With ten-fold claims on Satire's sharpen'd pen—
And them what privilege of Heav'n shall shield,
When verity and vigor take the field?
Would they give cynic wits no fair pretence,
Let their own actions be their sure defence;
For he whom Virtue's dazzling train surrounds,
Shrinks not from Slander's visionary wounds,
But stands more firm than erst ACHILLES stood,
Cas'd in the buckler of the Stygian flood!

But when these mortal meteors of the earth
Err in their courses round the point of worth;
When the foul spots of vice obscure their rays,
And shed a dingy dullness o'er their blaze;

Tho' once admir'd, alas ! how soon they fall,
And stand the beacons and the butts of all !

Oh ! could the record of his follies draw
Each high delinquent back to Virtue's law !—
But vain the thought, that golden age is gone,
When Truth had charms to captivate a throne.
Charter'd by modern laws, the monarch-mind
The social fetter wants the power to bind.
Since then no statute royal will restrains,
Nor visits crime with customary pains.
Tis Satire's privilege the wire to wield,
And scourge th' anointed anarch from the field.

Ye critic kings, who, from your thrones dispense,
With front severe, the laws of sound and sense,
Damn me with censure, or reward with praise,
Adorn my brow with hemlock or with bays—
E'en as you will—my unambitious name,
Aims not to grasp the phantasy of fame ;

Cow'd by no danger, harass'd by no dread,
Zounds! d——n the work, but d——n it not un-
read!

Be your quotations many, Gents, and ample,
That comment may associate with example,
So should it please you— almoners of fate!
The author at your shrine to immolate,
The reader, while the reeking victim dies,
May see the justice of the sacrifice.



THE PAVILION.

CHAPTER I.

A few introductory remarks upon Satire.—A brief description of bathing-places in winter.—The renovation of Brighton.—General Tunbelly arrives.—A little insight into the General's character.—The effects of his arrival.—Prince Gregory reaches the Pavilion in the sweetest humour imaginable.—The cause explored.—A sketch of Prince Gregory for the guidance of the reader.—The joy produced by his appearance.

THE analogy between nations and individuals must, of necessity, be close and striking ; because, nations, being composed of communities or bodies of men,

must be operated upon by those causes, in an enlarged degree, which, on a more limited scale, have influence upon individuals. The "tide in the affairs of *nations*," therefore, is neither more nor less than "the tide in the affairs of *mèn*," and is not only capable of, but actually subject to, the same fluctuations in both instances. If the poverty of an individual reduce him to wretchedness and ruin, individual poverty on a more extensive principle will cause a national reduction of a similar nature ; and, as the interests of one depend on his own well-being, so the interests of the public hang on the well-being and the prosperity of the whole ; and both cases are determined by one principle.

Individual misery too commonly results from means wantonly misapplied, and resources prodigally impoverished. The

penury of nations is as frequently produced by the corrupt extravagance of those to whom the public revenues are committed in charge ; and, as in the former case, the conduct of the man is freely censured by that society which is injured by his example, if not by his practice ; so in the latter, the abuse of their trust renders the public depositaries of the nation's energies ; in a peculiar degree, amenable to the opinions of that community, which is not only injured by the operation of their example, but actually impoverished by the oppression of their actions.

That which is censure in the abstract becomes satire in the aggregate ; and of this there are two kinds or different species ; viz. the satire of ridicule, and that of serious reproof : but the legitimate and only warrantable object of both is the

same—the subjugation of vice, the melioration of public morals, and the general improvement of society. The solemn remonstrance of the serious moralist is the more dignified; but it will scarcely be denied, that the keen ridicule of the ingeniously playful satirist is the more effectual of the two. And Pope, whose knowledge of man was pretty comprehensive, felt the truth of this position, when he describes the human *animalculæ* of his day, as

“ Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,

“ And scar’d and sham’d by ridicule alone.”

These introductory remarks upon the subject of satire are intended for any readers who may enquire what object the succeeding pages have in view. In the midst of the most aggravated public distress, when penury and woe walk the streets hand in hand, and thousands are

actually starving, the prodigalities of those great ones of the earth, who ought to be the stewards and almoners of Providence, present a fair field for satire to hold daily tournament in. The harvest sown by the many is reaped by the few ; the dazzling and cheering fire of patriotism has dwindled into the impure and unwholesome flame of self-interest, and every better feeling and principle appear to be entirely merged and lost in the giddy and intoxicating vortex of sensuality. In such times, the withering frown or scornful smile of the Cynic is more to be prized than the apathy of the Stoic.

The ungenial influence of a wintry atmosphere had stripped the bathing-places of their attractions and their visitors : those promenades, which the beautiful

combinations of nature and art had rendered truly Elysian, were scathed by the footsteps of December: the shops were no longer decorated in all the varieties of a fanciful taste, but, gloomy and deserted, presented an aspect of bankruptcy, which chilled the eye and the heart. The libraries had no readers; the hotels no company; the bathers no *land-gudgeons*; the smile of content was superseded on the brow of the tradesman by the wrinkle of care, and the storm, which "ever and anon" raged over the ocean, seemed to knell out the departure of prosperity.

This was precisely the situation of Brighton when the news arrived that Prince Gregory intended to enjoy the sports and festivities of Christmas at the Pavilion. An electric shock never gave a more effectual fillip to the lazy blood than this communication did to the para-

Quay now 4

lized hopes and expectations of the townspeople, who instantly began to estimate the profits and the amusements which this visit would produce, with the utmost eagerness. The town was now furbished and painted from one extremity to the other; and Puff, the worthy manager of the theatre, who had dismissed his motley host to pick up their bread and cheese in the barns and rustic theatres of inland towns, re-assembled the regiment with the utmost speed, announced the re-opening of the mimic scene, and swore if it were not in him "to command success, he would do more," videlicet, "deserve it!"

Very soon after the receipt of the vivifying intelligence which threw the whole of the inhabitants into this convulsion of delight, at an early hour one morning the town was for a while alarmed at the sound of tumbrils, ammunition-waggons, and

artillery-carts, driving through the streets. Conjecture, however, had scarcely time to shake himself, and to commence his train of speculations, before it was discovered, that, instead of coming thither either to embark on offensive service, or to be used to defend the coast, the extent of the important expedition for which they were assigned was the mansion of the Prince; that the ammunition with which they were freighted was simply the ammunition intended to be used against such enemies as hunger, and thirst, and care, and despondency; and that the war about to be waged would be a war against venison, and turtle, and all the triple realms of fish, and flesh, and fowl.

The very appearance of General Tunbelly, who commanded this advanced guard of Prince Gregory's suite, was to the people of Brighton an ample promise

of good cheer and of good company.— The General was one of those men whom nature, to compensate for the slovenly manner in which she had made and furnished the head, had endued with a mighty capacity of paunch. He was a man of unquestioned and unquestionable taste, and though he might have vainly racked his brains for a month to tell the difference between solecism and anachronism, parable and paradox, he was never guilty of error in computing the age of wine, nor committed a solecism in designing the viands for a banquet, and the fruits and *liqueurs* for a dessert. There was not a bottle of wine in his cellar of which he would not tell the pedigree and the age as elaborately and as feelingly as a Welchman could trace his own descent, or an Arab descant upon the genealogy of his horse. He was, withal, a perfect connoisseur in female beauty, and would

track a pretty girl through all the mazes and the windings of a morning's walk, with a patience and fortitude rarely to be matched, and never excelled. He was well versed in the anatomy of venison, and knew the virtues of calipee and calipash.

The arrival of the General was the signal of universal bustle: the exterior of the Pavilion had been recently beautified; a hundred workmen now filled the interior, painting, furbishing, and renewing, with the utmost expedition. The Pagan idols, who had for the last two or three summers and winters received the homage of the profane vulgar, and excited the admiration of the ton, were removed from their original niches, their forms well washed, and placed in more commodious or conspicuous situations.

Not that these changes were by any

means requisite to be made; but it had been the invariable custom of Prince Gregory to alter the arrangements of his palaces at least once a year; for, being accounted a Prince of superlatively fine taste, he was anxious to show the fashionable world that it also possessed boundless versatility.

It was of little consequence that the variableness of his taste subjected his treasury to very heavy demands; it was still less material that, in consequence of the extravagance of his expenditure, he was obliged annually to come to the public for the payment of his debts; and that the people themselves were so reduced by the impolicy of his political measures, and his private profusion, as to be scarcely able to provide themselves with the necessary food and raiment of life; his dignity must be supported, and the fastidiousness

of his taste indulged, be the consequences to the quietness of the nation never so alarming. It was the duty of the Prince to consult his own inclination and pursue his own pleasures; it was the duty of the people to provide the means.

There is a feeling of self-interest which predominates in every bosom; and this feeling it was which induced the inhabitants of Brighton to feel pleasure in those circumstances which gave pain and discontent to the rest of the country. They were gainers by the loss of the community; and it is astonishing how avarice blunts the edge of patriotism, and renders men the very opposite of Roman in their sentiments and conduct. This perhaps may serve to shew that patriotism is not a natural feeling, and therefore, that the patriot is an unnatural character, since a man must part with a considerable por-

tion of that self-love which Providence has planted in his breast, before he can allow his bosom to be monopolized by love of country. Let logicians settle this knotty point.

The idols had been newly gilt and richly embellished ; the apartments had been adorned with new mouldings ; the mirrors had been renovated ; the state-apartments had undergone a complete metamorphosis ; the cooks, butlers, pages, footmen, laundresses, porters, *et omnia sui generos*, were at their posts : the larders were filled with a month's provisions ; and the cellars were stored with an ample variety of the choicest and most expensive wines ; when one evening, about an hour after dusk, an *avant courier* galloped into the yard, and announced Prince Gregory.

There was an appearance of unusual

satisfaction visible in the countenance of the Prince, as he descended from his carriage, and the glance of familiar courtesy which he cast around him seemed to say pretty distinctly—"I am devilish glad to find myself here amongst you, so far from the metropolis and so near to the ocean; so surrounded by friends, and so distant from enemies."

Now, as philosophers have long since taught us to believe that for every effect there is a cause; and further, that it is proper to trace, in all instances, the connection which exists between them, it may be well to analyze this glance, and to endeavour to discover the secret links which went back to its cause. It was palpably a glance of pleasure; of more positive pleasure than any which had emanated from his eyes on the occasion of any former visit. It was, consequently,

an extraordinary glance; *ergo*, it proceeded from an extraordinary cause.

It has been before remarked, that the people had been reduced, by the profusion of Prince Gregory, &c. &c. to very great distress. The metropolis, as it contained a greater mass of the nation than was assembled in any other part of the empire, may be said to have been the centre of those discontented feelings which very naturally grow out of such a state of things. In this large city there was always to be found numbers of turbulent spirits ready, on the slightest pretext, to stir up insurrection, in order that, under the cover of general riot and confusion, they may give loose to feelings of private malignity or illegal rapine. Just before that Prince Gregory started on his excursion to Brighton, a circumstance had taken place which had caused a mo-

mentary irritation of the public feelings. An armed desultory mob had assembled together, seized some arms, and, wandering through the streets with the most formidable aspect, had even menaced a violation of the sanctity of the palace itself. Intelligence of this threat had been speedily conveyed to Prince Gregory, who prudently and sagaciously determining that, to be at a considerable distance from the scene of riotous intemperance, would give him a greater promise of security than he could find while he remained in its vicinity, he immediately ordered his carriage, and taking a new and circuitous road, made the best of his way, scantily attended, to his residence at Brighton.

He who flies from danger breathes more freely at every step he takes, because that feeling of terror which raised an impediment in the path from his lungs to his

throat, diminishes in proportion as the sense of peril decreases. Travelling, under such circumstances, is like harts-horn and vinegar to a fainting man; it gives a new impulse to the faculties of life, and expels the benumbing spell which held an unnatural tyranny over the senses. So it was with Prince Gregory: he had not reached the tenth mile-stone from the metropolis before he experienced a sudden emancipation from fear, and as sudden a resuscitation of hope and good humour; and as he approached his country house, the latter feelings gradually extended an enlivening influence over his whole frame, so that by the time he reached the Pavilion he was in the sweetest disposition imaginable—an universal philanthropist.

As this seems to be the proper place to give the reader a still more particular insight into the character of the Prince, in

order that he may reconcile to his belief many incidents in the subsequent pages which might otherwise appear somewhat overcoloured, it may be well to sketch the outline in this first chapter. He was a man of much capacity, and, in his earlier days, had been accounted a man of exquisite taste, extensive knowledge, and sound judgment. But he had degenerated materially during the last few years. His taste was now merely a taste of sensual enjoyment: his mind never wished nor received even the slightest allotment of intellectual food. Once an enemy to oppression, he had now a different feeling: once a friend to liberty, he now decried and discountenanced it: once generous, he was now illiberal: once independent, he was now the slave of a mischievous faction. He seemed indeed to have surrendered all these properties of mind which dignify and ornament mankind, and to

have received in their room every qualification, inclination, and appetite, which can disgrace or destroy the superiority of reason. Still there would, now and then, some glimmering of his former character burst forth, but its gleam was only faint and of a moment's duration : he was surrounded by those whose interest it was to smother a spark so ungenial to their views, and they lost not a moment in exerting themselves to prevent that resurrection of light which must inevitably have been the cause of, and the signal for, their own downfall.

Amongst the pleasures to which Prince Gregory was addicted, the most natural, and therefore the most justifiable, was his passion for the fair sex. Like immortal Jove of old, he assumed every shape to accomplish his designs ; and, like the fabled monarch of the gods, his amours

were neither scanty, nor confined to a certain class of beauties. He himself was of goodly size, a very pretty, round, and well-proportioned subject for apoplexy or inflammation; and he loved a fair companion equal to himself in capacity of body; and as his palace was continually crowded with courtly dames, who accounted it their greatest pride and pleasure to be noticed by him, it is not to be questioned that his wishes were generally gratified the very moment they could be communicated to their objects.

Although himself a free indulger of his appetite, even to an extent beyond the law, he was severe in inflicting punishment upon those who, in meaner life, offended against the statutes of the country. By courtesy he was denominated the fountain of mercy; but, truth to tell, it would seem that the fountain

was either so injured in its machinery that it could not direct the stream, or mercy itself was so exhausted that it could no longer keep its channels supplied; for, alas! many were the fatal examples which he caused to be made with a view to the correction of the morals of the community.

Now it is not to be denied that it is praiseworthy in a prince to preserve public morals as firm as he can; but it is the opinion of sages of all times, that this should rather be effected by example than by punishment. If a corrupt fountain cannot emit a chrystal stream, so it is not to be expected that the morals of a nation will be exemplary, when those of the sovereign are equivocal. Every man, it is true, has his frailties; and although a prince cannot be expected to display an exception from the infirmities incident

to human nature, he ought to regulate his desires, or so to mask his actions, that his own conduct may not be thrown in his teeth by those who ought, in duty and in love, to honour and esteem him. There is a mode in keeping up appearances with society, which, although in itself no virtue, may preserve the semblance of virtue, and thus, as far as the influence of example is concerned, may tend to deprive vice of its mischievous power.

Prince Gregory, however, does not appear to have paid sufficient attention to this manner of keeping his own actions from the knowledge of the community. Some officious knave was always ready to circulate them throughout those channels where he might turn his information to profit; so that, in the course of a short time, the people, who should have been taught to hold their prince in the highest

reverence, not only learned to despise him, and to consider him as a man below the ordinary standard of moral worth, but actually to throw his follies in his face, and turn him to open ridicule.

There is a certain independence of mind which no law can circumscribe, no threat can destroy. It was from this source, that censures, the most open and unlimited, were frequently lost upon the prince. The circumstance that he once was virtuous, and therefore knew the value of virtue, was made an enhancement of his offences, and he was treated as unceremoniously by his people, as though the infirmities of his conduct had destroyed the distance which rank and situation placed between them and himself, and had degraded him to an equality with the worst of men.

It is to be regretted, however, that while Prince Gregory possessed good qualifications of heart and mind, he should lend himself to the council of men who had only an eye to their own ambition, and who considered the interests of their master, and the interests of their country, as subordinate to their own. With men of this description he was surrounded ;—men who could scatter misery around them with reckless hands, and with tearless eyes view the wreck of human happiness which they had caused ; men who, without patriotism themselves, condemned the appearance of it in others ; men who would sell their God for gold, or worship at any shrine to which avarice may urge them. They had thrown firebrands round amongst society, and seemed to joy in the conflagration which ensued. Despots in principle, it constituted their great object to become despots in power. They ac-

known no rights but those of the throne; they respected no privileges which had a tendency to exalt the character of the people; because they themselves had entered into a confederacy to reduce the people to the ignominious situation of "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

These men had woven a web of intrigue with which they had trammelled the understanding of the prince; and thus fettered and blinded to the duties of his situation, and the ends for which he was elevated to it, he committed his character into their hands, and surrendered to them his discretion; so that they, in fact, directed him in all things, and swayed the sceptre of the kingdom.

By the principal of these counsellors Prince Gregory was accompanied in his visits to Brighton: for, the same motives

which urged him to a precipitate departure from his metropolis, produced upon them a corresponding effect. They were conscious of their own demerits, aware that they had grossly and continually insulted the nation; that they had burdened it with debts and expences beyond its ability to discharge or endure; and that they had contemptuously turned away when it petitioned and remonstrated on the impolicy and illegality of such conduct, as if they were every thing and the people nothing; they knew that they had by these means provoked the public, and they naturally enough feared that the anger of the nation, once raised, it would very speedily be turned upon themselves. Those who are readiest to provoke, are the first to fly from the effects of the provocation: so it was in this case; they were the very heralds of flight.

There were many others, of various

ranks and degrees of society, who had either accompanied Prince Gregory in his excursion, or, attracted by the circumstance of his proposed visit, had preceded him in his journey, and were waiting his arrival. Some of these must be introduced to the reader in the course of the narrative, as they become connected with the incidents which it is intended to recite. But, as it would occupy too much room in the outset to detail the various characters which will have to appear on the stage, it will be better to give the outline of each individual, as he is brought upon the carpet to perform his part, or to stand in the niche which he is intended to fill.

The arrival of Prince Gregory was quickly circulated from one end of Brighton to the other ; the shops and public buildings were immediately illuminated ; the bells rang out their merry peels ; every coun-

tenance was lighted up with the smile of hope and joy ; the dullness and desolation which had so recently reigned, were entirely forgotten ; and a foreigner, landing on that auspicious night, would have felt not a moment's hesitation in declaring that he reached the Elysium of the modern world.

CHAPTER II.

The raffle at Duodecimo's library.—The beautiful bomb model. The regency work-box.—Sir Bully Banter, and Molasses. Molasses wins the bomb, and Lady Evergreen the box.—A fit disposal of the other prizes. Sir Charles Placid and Miss Evergreen. Argument between a Member of Parliament and a Lady of Fashion.—The Statesman compelled to make a precipitate retreat.—A short sketch of Sir William Evergreen.—The combustibility of feminine affection.

ON the very evening of Prince Gregory's arrival, a raffle was held at Duodecimo's library, which was attended by all the fashionables in Brighton. It was, in fact, a general lounge, at which all the

news of the place was talked over, the little scandals which give life to modish assemblies circulated, and the intelligence brought by the mail from the metropolis discussed.

The company mustered rather scantily; for the circumstance of the illustrious visitor's arrival attracted as many as were in favour at court to the Pavilion, to leave their names, and make such inquiries as either their inclinations or their interests prompted. Those who met together at the raffle, therefore, were disappointed or discontented individuals, who either could not, or would not, be amongst the humble servants of the prince ; but who preferred to remain at a humble distance, and to chew the cud of disaffection, or some feeling of a kindred nature, amongst companions of a corresponding stamp.

Duodecimo, anxious to delight his exalted patrons, (for he had not sufficient judgment to discriminate between the shades of character of which his company was composed,) opened the pleasures of the evening with a communication of the happy circumstance which had just taken place :—

“ Ladies and gentlemen,” said he ; “ the Prince is a prince of manifold and manifest virtues, and one of the highest of them, as I am a judge, is his affection for Brighton, which yields support to many of his most loyal and most loving subjects. He may, indeed, be justly termed the father of his people.”

The bookseller had gone on, perhaps, to a greater extent, had not the dowager Lady Evergreen, an old lady who prided herself upon being the best female poli-

tician of the day, and who had studied Locke on Government (which, by the way, is too learned for the comprehension of an Irish university) for the last six years, been seized with such a violent inclination to laugh, that she could not possibly resist its power. The residue of the company, who appeared to be only waiting for a precedent, very speedily joined in concert with her ladyship, and the whole assembly was soon in a complete convulsion of merriment.

Such an unmannerly interruption might have discomfited a man of less nerve and more feeling than Duodecimo, but he had been long used to the fastidiousnesses and eccentricities of high life. It was not therefore to be wondered at, that what would have daunted a less experienced individual, passed over his mind without producing any visible effect what-

ever. With the utmost composure imaginable he stroked his chin, and smoothed his neckcloth, until the fit had pretty well subsided, and then renewed his oration. "Ladies and Gentlemen, the arrival of the Prince has deprived me of the honor and pleasure of a more numerous company this evening. This lottery, ladies and gentlemen, is none of your deceptive schemes; no vile decoy to draw your money out of your pockets; we have no blanks, so that every adventurer is sure to have at least some consideration of value for his money. The first prize ladies and gentlemen, is a most beautiful model in ivory and gold of his Royal Highness's Bomb. You see here, ladies and gentlemen, the green dragon as natural as life, and all the other reptiles done in a most masterly manner. I don't know what the real Bomb cost the nation, but I'll be bound to say that parliament

would be anxious to make a national property of this most inestimable model, and to place it amongst the curiosities in the British Museum. Number one, ladies and gentlemen, is taken by Lady Stewart, number two by Lady Herbert, and number three by Lady Pelham. I am commissioned to throw for the three; so with your leave, ladies and gentlemen, I'll begin.—Sixes for Lady Stewart—aces for Lady Stewart—deuce and ace. The devil! her ladyship's distanced, to a dead certainty."

"Well, indeed, it is a delightful Bomb," said Lady Evergreen, "and I hope I shall yet stand a chance for it. I never throw less than twenty-five. But, lud, Mr. Duodecimo, if the prince had seen this he would surely have taken all the shares."

"Alas! my Lady," cried Duodecimo, "*nemo mortalium*, as the Eton Latin Grammar, published by T. Pole, hath it. I have oftentimes missed the chance of making my fortune, in order to afford a treat to the beau monde. Heaven and earth! only nineteen for Lady Herbert. That jilt Fortune has given me the slip to-night. Now for the last effort. This is somewhat better. Twenty-four for Lady Pelham."

The smile which had lighted up the countenances of the company at the ill success of the two first throws of Duodecimo, subsided at the menacing aspect of the last. "Give me the dice," said old Molasses, a West India merchant from the metropolis; "seven to five that I beat the last throw.—Is any body inclined to take my bet?"

Sir Bully Banter, who prided himself, while he disgraced his title and family, as a most conspicuous patron of cock-fighters, bull-baiters, jockies, black-legs, and swindlers, was always ready to take odds; scarcely, therefore, had Molasses proposed the wager, before the knight exclaimed, with an eagerness of manner which plainly shewed that his heart was in the business, "down with the stake, my hearty cock; d—mme, if it was for thousands instead of pounds I would take you.—You are sure to lose, my old boy; so think again, and do the handsome thing for me to let you off,"

The words had scarcely passed from his lips before Molasses, who was no flincher, had deposited his stake, snatched up the dice, and thrown sixes, Casting a triumphant look at the knight, the citizen threw again — ace, deuce. Sir

Bully pulled up his breeches by the waistband, d——d his eyes for being in a good thing, and whispered in the ear of Molasses that he would get more by shipping sugars than betting odds. A general titter ran through the fashionable part of the company, who had considered the introduction of Molasses, a man without family, title, or pretensions, as an intrusion which ought not to be tolerated, and who, therefore, felt no little pleasure in the prospect of laying the purse of the old speculator under a little salutary contribution.

Molasses, however, no way disconcerted, made a third effort ; and, to the utter dismay of the knight and his backers, threw sixes again, pocketed the stakes, and tipped a wink to Sir Bully, which put him out of humour for the rest of the evening. The whole of the groupe

participated in the knight's vexation, when, at the close of the raffle, the citizen was declared the happy possessor of the model.

Lady Evergreen won the second prize, which was denominated the Regency Work Box, being fitted up in the most splendid manner, and ornamented with the figures of Fum and Chum, and all the other groupe of half-devils and half-monsters, which composed some of the richest embellishments of the interior of Prince Gregory's palace. Her ladyship was not a little delighted when Duodecimo explained to her in detail all the beauties of her prize; noted down in her little gilt memorandum-book the different Chinese names as the polite bookseller spelt them to her, and taking the valuable Box under her arm, in order that no accident might befall it, tripped away to exhibit its beau-

ties to her friends, and to enjoy the envy they must feel at her extraordinary good fortune.

Sir Bully Banter gained a copy of Gambado's Horsemanship, which he swore was worth a score of pounds at least, and vowed to dispose of it in the same manner at the next meeting of the —— hunt.

General Tunbelly, who had come in almost at the close of the lottery, threw eighteen, but was pretty well contented when Duodecimo handed him over a copy of Raffald's Cookery, and an Essay on Diseases of the Bladder.

Mrs. Stewart threw for Mr. Vansputter, but was almost ready to bite her nails with vexation, when she found that she had only won for her dear friend Cocker's Arithmetic, and for herself, a splendidly

bound copy of *Trials for Adultery*. After a little consideration, however, she made up her mind to keep Cocker herself, and send Vansputter the *Trials for Adultery* to amuse his leisure hours.

The rest of the prizes consisted merely of some shewy specimens in chonology and mineralogy; and each individual was fain to appear contented with the bagatelle which was given in return for the guinea adventure. Duodecimo was the principal gainer by the speculation, since, two or three times a month, by a recurrence to this scheme, he levied considerable sums from the shoals of flats which the tide of fashion floated into this modish port, and cleared his shelves of a countless variety of articles, which did not possess sufficient attraction or intrinsic value to allure purchasers.

Without accident or impediment Lady Evergreen reached home with her valuable Work-box and its appendages; and finding her daughter the Honourable Miss Evergreen engaged in a close *tête à tête* with Sir Charles Placid, she immediately began to expatiate most learnedly and vociferously upon the numberless beauties which gave such a bewitching *contour* of of this inimitable *bon bouche* of fortune. "I assure you, Sir Charles, and you my dear Teresa, that this is a most prodigious prize," exclaimed her ladyship. "Fortune was ever kind to me, and you may remember the Pigot diamond lottery, I was within two of the fortunate number. Draw your chair close, Sir Charles; look here, let me tell you what these figures are. This most beautiful monster is no other than the Chinese Bomb."—

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," inter-

rupted Sir Charles, "I know of no *Chinese* monster of that name; I presume your ladyship must have intended to say the elegant Fum."

"You are right, Sir Charles; you are perfectly right," said her ladyship with the most complaisant smile imaginable; "what a palpable misnomer; how could I so vilely miscall the beautiful creature. What an inexpressible sweetness of countenance! Don't you think it admirably like the Prince? By the bye, have you been, Sir Charles, to the Pavilion?"

"Oh yes, my lady, —this moment come from there—terrible upstir I assure you—all in complete confusion there. Do you know, my lady, the prince was not to have come for these ten days. The painters have but half done the banqueting room; and the interior looks for all the

world like a man with half his face shaved, and a black stubble appertaining to the other half."

"Yes, and would you believe it, mamma," said Miss Evergreen, "Mrs. Seymour's *boudoir* is in perfect dishabille; and I dare say it won't be possible to get it fit for her to sit down in for at least a fortnight to come."

"Well, I am quite shocked!" replied her ladyship, holding up her hands in an attitude which seemed to convey a blended expression of surprise and concern; "Well but, Sir Charles, how happened all this? Surely it was not for want of money; though I may tell you in confidence, I have it from the very best authority, that the Prince was so extravagant during his last visit here, that he actually must be obliged to raise more money in the best way he can. But pray, Sir

Charles, what made him come away from his house in town in such a prodigious hurry ; can you tell ?”

Sir Charles was one of those men who, possessing somewhat less than the common allotment of brains, are ever studying to impose upon the world a belief that they have, in reality, more than an usual share. He studied to appear absent. The slightest question seemed to throw him into a profound and mysterious reverie ; and when his answer came, it was generally a strange unconnected compound of shreds and patches, which really expressed nothing, but seemed to imply a wondrous labyrinth of meaning.

Into one of these fits of abstractedness the question of Lady Evergreen immediately plunged Sir Charles. He shook his head most significantly, after a pause of

some three or four minutes, twirled his watch chain with his fingers, gave three or four shrugs importing something very strange, and then, with a studied stammer and laboured incoherency, began his reply. "My dear Lady Evergreen, you must excuse me. 'Pon my honor, you are a very witch, and seem to know all about our great Macbeth. Strange tales about!—Night-shade berries will ripen as well as hips and haws—Monday's a black-letter day—Two days in December are not sufficient to shake off the horrid influence of a November atmosphere—a light pair of heels are the best friends in a perilous battle—Princes in the hands of a mob are like pearls before swine. Hunger will eat through stone walls. You'll excuse my being more comprehensible."

"My dear Sir Charles," replied Lady Evergreen, "for a man of your learning

and wit, you are amazingly clear. But really you fill me with terror. Surely the *canaille* have not dared to offer violence to family worth and hereditary rank! What a shocking idea to think that the circumstance of my being descended from Prince Blufus, after an interval of sixteen centuries and a half, which entitles me to rank amongst the most ancient of our nobility, should not have power to protect me from the insolent violence of the miscreant mob. But bless me, Sir Charles, when do you expect them to arrive here? Oh, Teresa! Teresa! we hav'nt a minute to lose. Let us set sail in the first packet, and escape from a country where they are become so wicked as to have no longer a respect for family honors!"

"You quite misunderstand me, my dear Lady Evergreen," replied Sir Charles, in-

interrupting her and laying his hand emphatically on her shoulders—"Did I say a word about a mob coming, or family honors?"

"Oh no, my dear Sir Charles, you didn't say it—you left it all to be implied: and people of my rank and family are always apt of apprehension. I know there's danger—I can read it in your looks. Advise me what to do, Sir Charles."

"Why as to danger—Danger, as our great philosophers would say, implies either the presence or proximity of evil. Now my Lady, here is no evil present, nor is there any evil proximate, to my knowledge. Argal, as Shakespear would say, because he did say so, there is no danger. Now this is logic I picked it up at the Forum; and what is logically right, my lady, must be right; therefore I think there is no danger."

“ Really, Sir Charles, you are so acute,” cried Miss Evergreen, who could no longer restrain her rapture on hearing Sir Charles discourse so eloquently, for Sir Charles was her professed lover ;— “ well, you are so acute,” she repeated ; “ now who would have thought that you could have put words together so prettily ? Pray, Sir Charles, what can be the reason that you never speak in the house ? Do make some speeches ! ”

“ Not a syllable on that subject ;—my modesty, my dear Teresa, will not suffer me to expose myself to such a set of quizzes as are to be found in that house. Besides, I could give another reason. The patronage of power is sweet ; eloquence requires great exertions—silence none ; They say the money gained by toil is sweet—to my taste, the reward of indolence is sweeter.”

"Aye, aye," cried Lady Evergreen, "leave Sir Charles alone; he has got his logic for every thing. He's never at fault on any subject; set him to talk divinity, and he would poze Dr. Sutton."

"But pray, Sir Charles, you made me no answer about the money—Don't you think the prince has been a little extravagant lately? I mean a little too much so, Sir Charles?"

Sir Charles pondered a minute or two, and then replied, "Why as to extravagance—extravagance is inseparable from his situation. I should rather express it magnificence. Whose money does he spend? the money of those who ought to have no pleasure but his pleasure, no interest but his interest; who should consider it a privilege that they are allowed to find the means of his enjoyments, and to endure hard-

ships even of the most biting description, counting them so many honourable evidences of their loyalty and affection for him, who has been decreed by heaven to hold controul over them."

"Well, I declare," replied Lady Evergreen, "you improve prodigiously, Sir Charles; I never heard you speak so much to the point before. Well, it is really now a charming idea that we great folks should be lords of the soil: and all the inferior classes are, as it may be called, our cattle and our drudges; the sweat of whose brow is intended to supply us with all the luxurious beauties of life. But still, my dear Sir Charles, there's something more I want to know. Has not the prince been a little too extra—— I mean magnificent? That is to say, hasn't he involved himself so deeply, that it will require great time, and be a work of mighty

difficulty for his subject-drudges, sweat as much as they will, to drag him out of the mire into which this beautiful magnificence has plunged him?"

"Why, as to that matter, my lady," said Sir Charles, placing himself in a rhetorical position, and gracefully laying the fore-finger of his right hand across the fore-finger of his left; "as to that, my lady, we all know that he must come to parliament; and the parliament is made up of very considerate men. We members of the lower house,—I call it the lower house for the sake of form, although it is, in fact, superior to the other in all its avocations,—we, my lady, never severely sit in judgment upon the liberalities of the prince. The minister comes down to the house; tells us that the receipts have been so much, the expenditure so much, and so much the de-

iciency. He laments that the defalcation should be so great; attributes it to circumstances which could neither be foreseen nor avoided; makes an eloquent harangue upon the manifold virtues of the prince, and leaves it to us to act with a munificence worthy of a great nation; we take it all for granted, and give him all he asks."

"Well, I declare that's prodigiously kind," returned her ladyship, "but still you don't answer my question. All this may do uncommonly well when there is plenty of money in the country, which you members of parliament can lay hold of just whenever you have a mind: but just tell me what would be the use of your saying, 'Your Royal Highness is a charming fine fellow, and knows better how to spend money than any one else; and as the proper support of your dig-

nity has required a hundred thousand pounds more this quarter than the last, we vote your Royal Highness the money to make up the deficiency,' when you have got all the money that is to be got, and are not able to squeeze another guinea out of the hands of the nation? Now tell me, Sir Charles, what could you do in that case?"

Sir Charles was really thrown into perplexity by this question. It was no longer an affectation of absence, a study to appear lost. Throwing himself back into his chair—fixing his eye on the ceiling, and twirling his fingers, he began to hum a tune for the space of some twenty or thirty seconds, and appeared in every way disposed to scout a question which he knew not how to answer; but Lady Evergreen was not to be diverted from her object by any manœuvre of this de-

scription. With a triumphant whisper in her daughter's ear, that she fancied she had been too much for Sir Charles's logic, at last, she drew her chair closer to that of the puzzled baronet, and, giving him a sudden slap on the shoulder, repeated her question with ten times more emphasis, and a smile of conscious superiority.

Roused from his inattention by the repetition of the question, Sir Charles began to stammer forth a reply—"Really, my lady, you have placed the subject in a very new, and, pardon me for saying, unparliamentary point of view. It is not the business of us, my lady, who sit for the purpose of disposing of the public money, to perplex ourselves about where that money is to come from. You must see, my lady, that such an inquiry would lead us into an endless labyrinth

of labour, and bring us at last, perhaps, to a conclusion quite the reverse of satisfactory. Besides, my lady, you know it can't be to our interests to act in any way opposite to the intention, or offensive to the inclinations, of the prince. But, my dear Lady Evergreen, how I loiter; I declare it's near nine, and I have an appointment at the Pavilion, which I would not break for the world."

"What!" exclaimed Lady Evergreen, bursting into a loud laugh. "Oh, fie! Sir Charles! fie upon it! What, in spite of all your logic, to suffer yourself to be completely beat out of the field by a lady! Well, after this victory I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of my own abilities, since I have conquered such an experienced logical statesman as Sir Charles Placid, and with his own weapons!"

Miss Evergreen, who had for some time been a quiet auditor of the discussion, but was roused by the imputation which was thus cast upon her lover's talents, could no longer forbear from entering into the field as an offensive ally against her mamma. "My dear mamma," said she, "Sir Charles must understand these matters much better than women, but it is his politeness which prevents him from shewing all his strength, when he is only matched against you."

"Nobody asked you to interfere," interrupted her ladyship in an angry tone. The rebuke, however had but little terror to Teresa, since it was closely followed by an effectual antidote, in a grateful smile which the baronet glanced at her, for the new path which she had so kindly pointed out to him to extricate him from his deplorable dilemma. "You'll

excuse me, madam," said Sir Charles hastily, and snatching up his hat at the same time in a prodigious hurry, as if dreadfully alarmed lest her ladyship should renew the argument—"I should be extremely sorry to appear rude; and, as I fear I could not continue the discussion without subjecting myself to such an imputation, because I should be compelled to argue in a more positive manner, I will respectfully take my leave, and leave the subject in question for discussion at some future period, when we have more leisure."

As he said this, the baronet, not a little delighted at being able to make his exit so easily, shook hands with her ladyship, pressed that of the fair Teresa to his lips, and took his leave.

Lady Evergreen was the widow of a

baronet, whose political opinions, early in life, had received the false glare of a courtly polish: but, as the footsteps of experience wore away the superficial glare which had at first deceived his eye, he began to discover that the maxims promulgated in palaces, and the practices of modern courts, were but little in comparison with the precepts of that virtuous integrity to which, at heart, he was sincerely attached. The moment he discovered his error he hastened to remedy it, and to atone for it by shaking off that infatuation of custom, and that idolatry of power, by which he had been too long held in bondage. He began to think for himself; to take new and unbiassed views of things; and, instead of lending his intellects out to hire, and forming his own opinions from the model set before him by others, to reason for himself, and to draw from undistorted facts, those simple

and legible deductions which reason suggested, and nothing but the most obstinate blindness could mistake.

Sir William henceforward absented himself from court, associated chiefly with those whose sentiments were opposed to the ministerial circle, and was very soon found amongst the foremost and most eloquent of the band, whose chief object it was to cry down the enormous abuses of the times, and to enforce the adoption of those rules of practical policy, which could alone prove competent to rescue the country from its oppressed and degraded situation. Through the remainder of his life he was consistent, and though forsaken by those courtier-friends who had been his bosom inmates until he had dared to assert an opinion which had scorned the fetters of a servile dependance, by his undaunted firmness and honest en-

thusiasm in the cause which he had embarked, he obtained a respectability of character, which, added to the consciousness of having done his duty, amply rewarded him.

As Lady Evergreen had been in the constant habit of hearing her husband's sentiments, and not unfrequently of entering into discussions with him, it is not to be wondered at that she should feel a gratification in attempting to talk down Sir Charles Placid. No sooner, however, was Sir Charles gone, than her ladyship determined to have the argument out with her daughter, in order to obtain some atonement for the disappointment she had met with from the baronet's sudden departure. Teresa, however, was but little inclined for cool discussion. She had seen, clearly enough, that it was her mother's plaguy itch for argument

which had shortened the visit of Sir Charles; and she was but little disposed to forgive the cause of such an abridgement of his attention. It was not the first time that her mother had stepped in between her and her enjoyments in this manner; and she was always ready to go mad with vexation when she heard her mamma begin one of her logical disquisitions, which usually shut out all other subjects.

Disappointed and nettled as the young lady was at the departure of her lover, the manner in which Lady Evergreen re-opened the argument was by no means calculated to remove the unfavourable bias of her mind. "My dear Teresa," said Lady Evergreen, "now do I think this Sir Charles Placid as shallow a fool as ever lived."

The natural paleness of Miss Evergreen's countenance was immediately lost in a strong suffusion of crimson, the tinge of outrageous anger. For some moments she could not find words; and, after she had found them, it required nearly as much time to find articulation for them. At length, however, she stammered forth a sort of incoherent request that her mother would be more delicate in her remarks upon one whom she had admitted as a becoming suitor for her only daughter; adding, "that if, in opposition to her wishes, and in open defiance of her dearest feelings, she was disposed to continue her comments, she herself must take the liberty to retire."

Her ladyship, however, was not in the most conciliatory mood imaginable; this rebuff, therefore, instead of putting a termination to her ill-humour, only excited

it in a tenfold degree. A sharp retort, which contained a reflection still more severe than the first she had cast upon Sir Charles, ensued, when Miss Evergreen, unable to restrain her feelings, immediately snatched up a candle-stick, and retired to her apartment, without speaking a word, and leaving her mother to vent the remainder of her spleen upon her waiting-woman.

CHAPTER III.

Tunbilly's visit to Prince Gregory.—The patriotism of the Prince.—A scheme in imitation of an Eastern Sovereign in days of old.—Tunbilly's dread lest he should be chosen to accompany his master.—The apprehension removed by the nomination of Sir Charles Placid.—The perplexity of the Baronet on receiving the intimation.—He resigns himself to his fate, — is flattered into something like courage,—and drinks till he becomes a hero.—The commencement of the expedition.

THE morning after the arrival of Prince Gregory, General Tunbilly waited on his royal highness to congratulate him on the safe termination of his journey, to report all that he had done, and to re-

ceive his orders as to what further he might wish to have done. The General was a confessed friend of the prince, and his constant companion on all occasions when virtue and wit were absent.

The first inquiry of the prince was referred to the state of the town.—Was it full and lively as usual? Of whom did the company consist? These questions, slight and unimportant as they may seem, were not questions of mere curiosity. Princes are not actuated by precisely the same feelings as those which regulate the meaner classes of society: etiquette is the helm which every sense and faculty of mind and body obey. The times were serious and menacing, but the prince did not care a rush what the mass of the people might think of himself and his conduct, while the rich and vain, the noble and wealthy, followed his impulses,

and fluttered round him wherever he held his court, or whithersoever he shifted it. He felt, therefore, naturally anxious to ascertain both the numbers and names of those who had been attracted to Brighton by the buzz of his intention to Christmas there; and not a little delighted was he to find, from the list which the General had prepared for him, that, let the murmurs of public discontent rage through the metropolis as they would, he was surrounded by a choice and numerous phalanx of friends, who would sacrifice a hundred empires to please a single prince.

“Yes, an’t please your highness,” answered Tunbely, after waiting with all due decorum until the prince had glanced over the list which he laid on the table before him — “We are tolerably full—Brighton will have permanent cause

to bless your illustrious patronage, for your royal visit will throw thousands in the way of those inhabitants who never calculate on making bread and cheese for their families during the winter."

"So much the better, Tunbelly," returned the prince. "I always like to see the people happy, when their happiness doesn't interfere with my own. But I feel more particularly rejoiced at the prosperity of Brighton, because the inhabitants possess none of those lofty ideas of independence which disgrace the community of the metropolis. If Providence decree that they shall starve, they neither worry heaven nor me with murmurs nor hateful petitions, (d——n the word, I wish it was expunged from the English language,) but shew a becoming disposition to starve like resigned Christians. But, talking of starving, Tunbelly, I

hope you have catered well for us ; plenty of fish, flesh, and fowl ;—eh, General ; have you been industrious ?”

“ Oh, yes, your highness,” cried Tunbelly ; who, to do him justice, was never backward in carrying into effect a foraging order, “ leave me alone for that. My ammunition-waggon^s were never so respectably filled before ; with the means of preserving life too, instead of destroying it. Why, your highness, I monopolized the whole of Covent Garden market for the last week to provide a good garnish for the larder ; and, as to fish, I issued orders to your royal highness’s purveyor to send a ton a week till further orders. Why, would your highness believe it, as we came rumbling through the roads and along the beach, the half-starved fishermen stood gaping and growling to see the good cheer pass by them, and

cawing like so many young crows for a mouthful. I should have thought that their reverence for your royal highness's name and rank would have kept their mouths shut even if they had been dying for a morsel."

"No, d——n 'em, no, General," said the prince with a sigh, "in all parts of the country they are just the same. But do you know, Tunbelly, I have a whim come into my head which I am determined to gratify. You shall get me a disguise, General, such a one as you used to wear when you hunted the girls round Spring Gardens; and, like the eastern caliph, Haroun Alraschid, I will visit every corner of the place, and endeavour to discover what people say and think of me. If I hear any thing disrespectful of myself, I will cut the connection, and leave Brighton to starve, and it will."

The General was a little perplexed and disconcerted at this fancy of his master ; for he was probably one of those counsellors who take much more delight in deceiving their prince with respect to the state of the country than in conveying to him those salutary truths which can alone form the basis of a correct opinion. He felt, therefore, a very natural alarm lest such an excursion as that which was meditated by the prince, should lead to a discovery of the real state of things ; a consummation most devoutly to be shunned. He would, therefore, have fain discouraged the idea, had it not taken such deep root in the mind of his royal highness, as to render extirpation impracticable. He endeavoured to multiply obstacles to the scheme ; but the more he exerted himself to dissuade his master from the pursuit of his object, the more strenuously did the latter insist upon carrying it

into immediate effect ; and the dissatisfied General was at last obliged to yield his reluctant consent.

The arrangement, however, was still incomplete, until some person had been fixed upon to be the companion of the prince in his mysterious ramble. Tunbelly's size disqualified him for the office; for, in a town of such narrow limits and confined population, and where he was so well known, it would have been impossible for any disguise to have given him effectual concealment. Besides, it was necessary that the person selected should be an individual possessed of some share of courage, in order, if circumstances should render its exertion necessary, he might be able to protect his royal master from any consequences which might menace him with personal inconvenience; and Tunbelly, truth to tell,

was the very reverse of a brave man ; for, although a general, all his knowledge of the toils and tug of war was derived from his acquaintance with books, which possess the advantage of instructing upon those subjects without exposing bones to fracture or honour to discredit. Whether indeed it was his extreme attachment to that law of nature which makes self-preservation its first maxim, or whether it was owing to the consciousness that his inordinate size, in all broils and contentions, must subject him to twice the danger of another man, he possessed an unusual susceptibility of fear, and would rather shut himself up in his bed-room for a week than run the risk of meeting a man to whom he had given offence.

Sensible as he was of his own deficiency in all these necessary qualifications, the General was not without a fear lest, in a

wayward mood, the prince should be induced to fix upon him as his companion. With an alacrity, therefore, which was very unusual with him, he applied himself to call to mind some person who might possess his strong recommendation to fill this perilous and unprofitable situation.— Under such circumstances, he did not long tax his memory in vain. The first person who suggested himself was Sir Charles Placid. He was young, enterprising, and very much attached to the interests of the prince. With regard to his courage it was a qualification which **the General did not take any pains to investigate.** The instant his name flashed across his brain, he suggested it to his master, and was not a little delighted when his Royal Highness instantly echoed, with uncommon promptitude of reply, **“Sir Charles Placid! the very man!— My dear Tunbely, I am eternally in-**

debted to you for the suggestion. It would be impossible to find a man more fit for the purpose."

It was not customary with the prince to sleep long over a project, upon the execution of which he had decided. Besides, the plan in agitation embraced novelty, and novelty was, to him, the first of pleasures. In the earlier part of his life, indeed, he had frequently indulged in midnight excursions, which, though often productive of considerable amusement, frequently placed him in situations of imminent peril. Of later years, however, for his opinions and views of society had undergone a complete change, he had entirely discontinued these frolics; probably because he thought there might be greater danger in them now than that with which they were wont to be attended. But whether this sentiment arose out of

the impression that he himself deserved less indulgence of the people, or the people merited less of his confidence than formerly, it may not be easy to decide.—“My dear Tunbely,” exclaimed his Royal Highness, “lose not a moment in finding out Sir Charles; explain to him the whole of my intention, and be sure you tell him, I have so set my mind upon the thing, that I will not slumber till I have carried it into effect. Yes, this very night I am determined to take a circuit round the whole of the town.”

“Heaven send that all your royal highness's wishes may be as easily fulfilled!” cried the complaisant courtier, inwardly blessing his stars, at the same time that he was merely to convey to another the appointment which he so recently feared would have fallen upon himself. Away waddled the General, as he finished his in-

terjection ; but, while he was yet trudging across the court-yard, plunged into deep conjectures as to how this strange expedition would end, he was suddenly roused from his reverie by a sudden and very emphatic slap on the shoulder, coupled with the exclamation, "Down you, how are you !"

It was Sir Charles himself ; and the general, though at first inclined to be a little provoked at the suddenness and roughness of the salutation, no sooner cast eyes on the welcome countenance of the baronet, than his anger vanished in a moment ; a smile of pleasure lighted up his countenance, and, in the sweetest accents imaginable, he commenced his congratulations to Sir Charles. "My dear baronet, I am indeed most delighted to meet you. I was, in fact, just coming to seek you. The prince requires your

presence immediately. He has, in truth, the most whimsical scheme in agitation ; nothing less than a sally out in search of adventures, in the true La Mancha style. He is to be the Don Quixote of the tale, and you no other than the redoubtable Sancho Panza !”

“ What the devil am I to understand, general ?” returned Sir Charles ; “ are you quizzing me ? or is it possible that you are serious ? Are we really to perform the knight of the rueful countenance and his notable squire ?”

“ Nothing more true, save and except my salvation,” reiterated the general.—“ You must arm yourself with something better than patience and fortitude ; for the safety of your bones will depend much upon the strength of your arms, or the lightness of your heels. By heaven ! for

a field-marshal's baton I would not run the risk of having my carcase so soundly cudgelled as your's may be before the end of this frolic."

"Nay, general, I am sure you can't be serious," replied Sir Charles; "but if you are, the prince must be talked out of it; for who will he find to accompany him on this mad enterprise?"

"You, Sir Charles; you are the happy man, I do assure you. That you have courage, none will deny; that you are sincerely attached to the prince is not to be disputed. Besides, his royal highness has selected you out of a thousand to have the honour of being by his side, and of participating in all the dangers and difficulties into which his rashness may plunge you both. There is not a moment to lose, I assure you, Sir Charles. The prince is

determined to carry his plan into execution this very night; so come on, my boy, and prepare yourself for this new masquerade."

As he said this, without allowing the baronet time to reply, he took him by the arm, and, without ceremony, or farther conversation, led him to the Pavilion, and conducted him to the prince.

Loyal and affectionate as Sir Charles was by nature, the suddenness of the news which Tunbely had just communicated produced such a strange effect upon his mental economy, that for some time he was actually unresolved whether to consider himself a happy or an unhappy man, and whether to rejoice or to grieve at the unexpected honour which the prince had expressed his intention to confer upon him. The idea that there was danger at-

tached to the scheme operated like the contents of a water-spout on a conflagration; and the poor baronet determined within himself that he was, to a dead certainty, in a d——nable predicament!

How to get out of the dilemma was a consideration of more difficulty. It would not do to decline the honour; that would at once be an offence against the prince, and an indirect confession of his own cowardice, and he must forthwith consent to the abandonment of all those hopes of elevation which had been the greatest objects of his ambition, as well as the solace of all his leisure hours. Placing the possible perils against the probable advantages, the result seemed so flattering to the feelings of Sir Charles, that he found himself presently possessed of a wonderful supply of courage, which not only gave him a much greater degree of consequence

in his own opinion, but actually made him so far forget himself as to rub his hands, with a certain ardour of motion, which was uncommon with him, and audibly to mutter, "It will do, I think!"

"What has pleased you, Sir Charles?" exclaimed the prince, smiling at the eccentricity of the baronet's manner; and immediately adding, "You are the very man I wanted. I have a scheme to propose which requires your assistance."

"Your royal highness confers a high mark of your favour on me in selecting me from amongst so many more worthy." And as Sir Charles made this reply, he bowed his head to the ground, in token of his humility and delight.

"No, no, Sir Charles, you are a good fellow," returned the prince; "and as to

the more worthy that you talk of, why I believe there may be such, but it is questionable with me whether they would either approve or share my plan. But never mind—never mind, baronet; you and I shall do very well. I have determined to go out *incog.* through the streets, and along the beach, and round the town, just by way of a frolic, to inform myself what people think and say of me.”

Sir Charles's fears returned the moment he heard the proposal from the lips of the prince; there was no longer a loop hole through which even hope could get a glimpse of light. It was necessary however that he should affect the virtues of courage and obedience, though they were very far from his inclination. Bowing himself, therefore, he intreated the prince to accept of his thanks for this new specimen of his illustrious friendship,

adding, with an emphasis which required all the skill of which he was master to make it appear genuine. "My life, and what is far dearer, my honour, gracious Sir, I commit most readily and unreservedly into your hands."

"That was well said, baronet," responded the prince; "you may safely commit them both to my keeping. They shall neither of them be endangered, nor shall your attachment go unrewarded.—You are a d——d worthy fellow!"

Saying this, Prince Gregory stretched out his hand, which Sir Charles, half beside himself with extacy, caught eagerly, and was about to press it to his lips, with every mark of reverence, when his royal highness checked the movement, exclaiming, "No ceremony, my hearty; you are my friend, and I would treat you as such.

give me your hand; command me in every thing: come, you shall dine with me, and after we have emptied a dozen then for our frolic."

This condescending treatment had such an effect upon Sir Charles as to banish in a moment every thing like fear from his brain. He had never been so particularly distinguished before; a passing bow, and now and then a discriminating smile were the most he had arrived at; but to shake hands with his illustrious master, he had but a single wish at that instant and this was that, not only his dear Teresa had seen his blushing honours thrown upon him but that the Pavilion itself had been transparent, and that the scene had been visible to all the lords and ladies, the fops and foplings, beaux and belles, which were then skipping in and about the town.

Just as Sir Charles was at the summit of his good fortune, Tunbelly returned and announced that he had provided two naval uniforms, which, with the assistance of a green shade to cover all the upper part of the prince's face, and a few artificial scars to disfigure the countenance of the baronet, would in his opinion be an effectual disguise to them against the most inquisitive eye, and would possess the additional advantage of giving them swords for defence.

Prince Gregory was pleased, and kept Tunbelly to make up the trio, to suggest and to assist in the maturing the plan of the expedition. His royal highness expressed his wish to follow the steps of the Eastern Caliph from whom he had borrowed the idea of the frolic, and to make his way into every dwelling where there appeared to be any proceedings of a ri-

otous nature, or wherever he heard any discussions, as well as to accost every stranger he met.

Sir Charles was a little alarmed lest the officiousness of the prince should lead them into perils which might be much more easily got into than overcome; when Tunbelly, glancing an arch smile at the baronet, for the first time in his life blessed that singular rotundity of stomach which prevented him from being chosen to lead the prince through the labyrinth of danger into which he seemed so much inclined to run himself.

“ I have taken a notion into my head,” said the prince, “ that the people are d—d ungratefully disposed towards me, and make very free with my name, and I have an idea that this exertion will throw some light upon the subject. If

they are as disloyal here as they most certainly are in some places I could name, I have made up my mind to come no more amongst them, but choose some other spot for my annual rustication."

The positive prosperity of Brighton then hangs upon this eventful night," returned Sir Charles, and the idea suddenly flashed across his brain that this was an opportunity to turn him from his design, without appearing to have any selfish motive. The baronet, after an instant's pause, resumed—"If the only object with your royal highness be to ascertain the opinions of the people here, it is scarcely worth the trouble, for I can assure you, Sir, that amongst all the reflecting classes—by every man capable of feeling and judging correctly, you are adored. The inhabitants consider you as their patron and their father, and to a

man would die to serve your royal highness."—

"Then you would not surely deprive me of that pleasure I must derive from becoming personally acquainted with these circumstances?" interrupted the Prince; and then continued "I believe you, Sir Charles; yes, yes, I believe you; and I dare say I shall find myself loved to an extent far beyond what a set of inflammatory, discontented, and undiscerning set of rascals, who are eternally annoying me, would persuade me to imagine."

Sir Charles was concerned that he had uttered an untruth, and if ever the rust of shame can tinge the cheek of a courtier, something, like it, perhaps might have then been discovered heating, and tinging the countenance of the baronet. If so, it was not the consciousness of having

spoken falsely which raised the faint glow, but the fear lest, in the proposed excursion, some seditious tongue might give him the loud lie. It was, in his opinion, ten to one that this would be the case, and he anticipated a thousand reproaches which would be showered on him, as soon as the Prince should be undeceived, and made sensible of the trick which had been attempted to be put upon his understanding.

The discourse, the wine, and the dry conversation of Tunbelly, who was in truth a very merry facetious companion, especially when he had an eye to his own interest in being so, and who just at this time was indisputably the most merry man of the three, very soon dissipated the gloomy reflections which had made a temporary lodgment in the mind of the baronet, and at length drew him for the first

time, since he heard of the night's frolic, into such an absolute forgetfulness of himself, that he had inclination as well as leisure to make some mental observations upon the manners and the state of mind of the illustrious Prince, on whose right he was seated.

It was now that Sir Charles first discovered what he had never before even suspected, that Prince Gregory was not in the highest spirits or, in other words, there was a care festering within him, which would frequently throw a cloud over his brow, and cause an involuntary sigh. The baronet was not a little astonished and perplexed at the secret which his sagacity had found out. It was entirely a new conviction to his mind, that rank, such as that of the Prince, could be subject to a sorrow. With every power to obtain the utmost scope of enjoyment for which

his soul might thirst; all the stores of nature and beauty at his disposal; and the savage of mankind continually pouring itself out before him—what was there that would plant a sting in his happiness—what sorrow there in which a care could flourish? He could not resolve himself the question. It was a riddle beyond the reach of his intellect to unravel.

Superficial as was the baronet's knowledge of human talent, he could not observe Prince Gregory (his suspicions once awakened) without being more and more convinced every instant that he was the subject of some internal uneasiness. The symptoms of mental disease are perhaps much more marked and intelligible than those which relate to the body: there is less of technicality about them; they are clear in every conception, without the labour of study or the aid of professional

terms. The forced smile is perhaps a more palpable betrayer of unhappiness than the clouded brow, for there is a carelessness about genuine gaiety which is peculiar to itself, and can never be assumed. Constrained cheerfulness is like the imperfect sun-beam shedding a livid glow over a wintry desert, and only serves to mark more explicitly the dreary devastations beneath.

When wine and grief come in contact, the latter is usually compelled to make a temporary retreat, until the intoxicating vapour has quitted the mind, and gathered its influence from the brain. But even wine appeared to have lost its power over the prince. He drank mechanically, he smiled mechanically, talked mechanically, occasionally cracked a jest, but even this was a mechanical operation—the soul of gaiety was far away.

Taking advantage of the absence of Prince Gregory for a few moments, Sir Charles ventured to put a question to the General upon the subject. Tunbelly at first repelled the Baronet's curiosity with a frown, but the latter made such a conciliating and well-timed apology, that the General, in return for his pleasantness of manner, condescended to inform him, that, for some months past, a visible alteration in the manners of the Prince had taken place; that he was much less cheerful than before, at least there was a greater degree of irregularity in his cheerfulness. "It is very singular," continued Tunbelly, "and I asked Sir Pompous Potion his opinion of the matter."

"Well, my dear General" interrupted Sir Charles, stretching his head half-way across the table that he might more distinctly hear what reply Tunbelly

could make, "well, and pray what said Sir Pompious?"

"What said he?" echoed the General; "why, he said it arose from some mental affection, and then he used a hundred hard names, the simple signification of which was at last, that something vexed him."

"Dear me, but what?" asked Sir Charles, in a tone of disappointment—"what can possibly vex so great a man? Has he not every enjoyment within his reach? How is it possible he can be unhappy?"

"Heaven alone can tell, my dear fellow," answered the General: "something vexes him—perhaps the ingratitude of the nation; for, upon my soul, baronet, it is impossible to please the people. Let an

angel from Heaven come down to rule over them, and I'll be sworn they would abuse him, and libel him, and blaspheme him, before he had been king a month. Why they want a king in leading-strings, who would not eat until he had got leave from them, and never drink more than two glasses of wine after dinner; they want aameleon king who would cost them nothing the keeping, and could take their orders every morning for the day's conduct."

"You are right, General—my dear General, you are right," stammered Sir Charles.—"'Pon my soul, I never heard sounder sense in all my life. They do want what they never ought to have. What! do the scurvy knaves think that kings are only made just to do as they would have 'em? Pretty times, truly, when such things take place! No, no—I

would guillotine half the nation before they should gain their point."

"Spoken like a good subject and a patriotic and virtuous member of parliament!" cried the General; and, filling a bumper, he resumed, after a few moment's reflection: "Listen, my dear baronet, listen to what I am going to say.—I will give you a toast. It is the fashion amongst your d——d jacobins to drink 'the cause of liberty all over the world.' Now I'll give you—let me see,—aye, I'll give you, Sir Charles, 'the cause of kings all over the world!'"

"And I would drink it in the jacobinical teeth of all the democrats in the world," exclaimed Sir Charles, whose courage always rose in proportion to the wine he drank. "Here's the cause of kings all over the world!"

Tunbelly viewed his companion for some moments with a glance of unusual complacency before he replied, "Why, Sir Charles, you are full of spirit; you are just ripe for this expedition. There is a fire in your eyes which bespeaks intellect, and wit, and valour. D—n me, but you would argue down a college of L.L.D's; turn the laugh against a room full of Rochesters; or fight with a whole legion of devils, my boy!"

"Aye, would I, General," stammered the baronet, his consequence swelling as Tunbelly praised him.—"Aye, would I do one, or the other, or all of them. How I should like now to lead a battle! I think, without vanity, I could beat a Scipio, or Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Alexander, or Frederic, or ^{the little} Buonaparte, or ~~himself~~ himself. Oh, I could cut and thrust! But here, General, I'll give you

a toast: Here's " War all over the world, d—mme !" *hurrah*

" War all over the world, d—mme !" exclaimed Tunbelly, drinking off the toast. — " You are a man of discernment, baronet, and deserve to be made a lord of. War is all life, and bustle, and animation ; it sets the blood in motion, puts money in the pockets of enterprising men, and carries off the dregs of the population. Peace, as somebody says, is an idle unprofitable devil, and a begetter of more bastard children than he finds the means to maintain. War is the companion for me ; and let me tell you, baronet, you are a man of discernment, and deserve well both of the prince and of the country. — Here's my hand upon your toast."

Thus was Sir Charles, who, when so-

ber, was so perfect a lover of peace and harmony, that he would rather walk a dozen miles than mingle in a fray, by the wonderful power of wine, suddenly converted into a most redoubtable warrior and, indeed, was so completely imbued with the love of fighting, as to burn with a desire to lead an army!—Who, then, will presume to dispute the efficacy of the inspiration of Bacchus? Sir Charles was now most eager to set forward on the nocturnal expedition, in order that he might have an immediate opportunity of signaling himself, and laying a claim for some future and flattering distinction.

The hint thrown out by the General as to the merit of Sir Charles, and the idea of his being made a lord, produced a wonderful effect upon the baronet's feelings. Seizing Tunbelly by the hand, although the sudden flow of gratitude and ambition

almost choked his utterance, he contrived to stammer forth, "My dear General, you overwhelm me with goodness. Do you think me fit for a lord? If you say so, I may hope I scarce know what. A lord!—a lord! My dear General, this is an extent of obligation which I shall never be able to repay. One thing more, my dear General; recommend me to the prince."

"Recommend you!" echoed Tunbelly; "recommend yourself, my boy! The opportunity is before you. Be resolute, prudent, persevering, and you cannot fail of success. Such pre-eminent merits as your's places it completely beyond the reach of doubt. You want no better recommendation than your valour, your attachment to the prince, your family, and countenance."

Sir Charles, half dead with anxiety, would have worshipped Turbely at that moment, so powerful is flattery, and so completely does it overthrow all the bulwarks of reason and discretion; but just as the happy baronet was about to deliver a speech full of delight and of compliment in return for what he had received, Prince Gregory entered the room.

It was near nine o'clock, and his royal highness was now anxious to set out on the frolic which was to give him that insight into public opinion, which he so much wished to obtain. Sir Charles was equally ardent; and the General, desirous that the baronet should be taken while the wine was in full operation upon his courage, suggested the propriety of commencing the peregrination before the night should be so far advanced as to ren-

der it impracticable for his royal highness to collect any information from his trip. The prince acquiesced in the opinion of Tunbelly, and, accompanied by the General, retired to equip himself in his disguise, leaving Sir Charles to array himself in his new habit in the banquetting-room.

A very few minutes sufficed to render the double metamorphosis complete. The countenance of the prince was completely concealed under the broad green shade which Tunbelly had so disposed as not to obstruct the sight; and, with equal skill, the General clapped a few disfiguring blotches upon the phiz of Sir Charles, which would have deceived even Miss Evergreen herself, had he chanced to encounter her fair form during this mysterious sally. A trusty sword graced the side of each of these heroes, and a cudgel the hand.

Every thing being thus prepared, and the equipment complete in all its parts, the General accompanied the two adventurers to the outer gate, in order that they might escape the vigilance of the guard, and then, with a whispered prayer for the success of their trip and the safety of their return, Tunbelly took his leave, and returned into the Pavilion.

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Rattle's party.—Her Ladyship's politics.—The arrival of the shaw. Cap'tain Bounce and Lieutenant Squeamish.—Free discussion.—Sir Harry Buz undertakes the conduct of the two adventurers Introduces them to Captain Sanguine. The Captain's character. His efforts, expectations, and disappointments.—Captain Bounce in a predicament. Danger of a quarrel.—The Captain called by Lady Rattle to settle a dispute.—Out of the frying-pan into the fire.—Bounce compelled to give a character of himself.—His agitation. He is rescued from the peril of discovery by the energetic conduct of Squeamish, who leads him out of the house.

LADY Rattle had an open party at her house on the beach, upon the precise evening which was fixed upon by the

prince for his peregrination ; and, at the particular request of his royal highness, Fumbelly had procured cards both for him and for Sir Charles Placid, under the assumed names of Captain Bounce and Lieutenant Squacamish, whom he had represented as two friends just come in from a cruise.

It was with a view to be introduced to this party, that the prince determined to carry his project into such hasty execution ; because, from Lady Rattle's avowed opinions, and from her general connections, he should stand an excellent chance of hearing a pretty free discussion of his own character and conduct, and a portion of sterling truth unmixed with the dross of flattery or deceit.

Her ladyship was a professed politician. A rattle-brained, high-minded fe-

male, whose husband had been dead about five or six years, leaving her in the bloom of youth, and in full possession of a fortune equal to her wants and her desires : she prided herself upon the independence of her opinions, and the consistency with which she could adhere to them. Although descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, she was so little imbued with patrician pride, that she considered that adventitious honours, and the gaudy distinctions of society, created, in the eyes of heaven, no inequality between man and man. According to her judgment, the superiority of a human being must be sought for either in the preponderance of his intellect, or the magnitude of his physical power. "The brawny arm of the peasant," she was accustomed to say, "gives him a positive power over the puny arm of the noble, which the most glittering title

cannot destroy. In the same manner, the dominion of genius is equally wide as irresistible; the limited understanding, the fastened eye, the soul which knows no expansion beyond the narrow sphere of a technical knowledge, must succumb and bow down to the commanding power of sovereign talent." Carrying these impressions into her political arguments, she contended, that kings were mere instruments of public will; set up as mere ornaments of the state, on the same principle as the state-carriage is finished off with a gaudy head to give the whole a perfect finish. The public had a right to retract or to transfer it, according as sound policy might dictate: and more than once she had expressed her decided conviction, that, although the family of Prince Gregory had been established in the supreme authority from the wisest of all motives, and in conformity with the soundest of

all principles, yet, as it was notorious that this family, of late years, had so falsified the hopes of the nation, and violated those principles which formed the foundation of their power, she was of opinion that the mutual obligations betwixt that family and the people had been cancelled, and that the nation had an undoubted right to take back the sovereignty into their own hands, and to confer it where there would be less danger of its being misapplied to the injury of those who were its only true and constitutional source.

Such being the expressed opinions of Lady Rattle, and as the parties which met at her ladyship's house were usually invited for the purpose of discussing political subjects, and of hearing her ladyship expound her own principles, it was very naturally to be expected, that, if Prince

Gregory wished to bear honest truths, without any of the varnish or distortion of parasitical subservience, he could not have selected a fitter place or more suitable occasion.

His royal highness cordially hated Lady Beattie; nor was this at all to be wondered at, since unpalatable truths, in every station of life, are but ill calculated to procure for their utterers the confidence or affection of those to whom they are addressed. In princes, the operation of this feeling is much more powerful than in the subordinate classes of society; for, as intellectual pride rises in the exact proportion of external rank, those who hold, or are intimately connected with, the sovereign sway, gradually and naturally fall into the error of believing themselves morally and politically exempted from those mortifications which result from the

collisions of public opinion. Every word, therefore, uttered against their greatness is a kind of political blasphemy, which, in their judgment, renders its author worthy of, if not liable to, the worst of punishment.

Probably it might be with some such feelings as these that Prince Gregory went to Lady Rattle's party; but, as his object was to pick up such information respecting himself as he could place reliance on, he resolved to smother any repugnances of disposition by which he might be actuated, and to adventure boldly into the midst of a society where he had prepared himself to receive the most unceremonious treatment which political enmity could suggest.

Having presented their cards, our two adventurers were conducted through a

group of fashionable company, to the upper end of an elegant suite of rooms, where the mistress of the mansion stood to receive her guests. "Captain Bounce," said her ladyship, "I feel great pleasure in bidding you welcome to your native shores, after the long and rough cruise which General Tumbelly informs me you have just experienced. I regret that we were not sooner acquainted."

"Your ladyship is all goodness and affability," replied the Captain, for by such appellation it will be better to distinguish him during his expedition. "I, indeed, have cause to regret the circumstance. But, alas! my lady, the Bounces, although a very ancient family, never had any distinction of nobility conferred upon them, but have been content to drag away centuries on their family possessions in a remote corner of Cornwall."

"So much the better, Captain; so much the better," replied her ladyship, laying her hand familiarly on his shoulder: "high-sounding titles now-a-days are much oftener given to cover disgrace than to reward merit. The path of vice leads directly to the temple of princely favour, while the termination of virtue, in this world at least, is only an abyss of neglect, poverty, and obscurity. As to Cornwall, Captain, although corruption has had a long and strong hold there, there is a determined spirit which has lately sprung up, and which highly distinguishes it in my opinion. But, *apropos*, I had forgotten your friend, Lieutenant—what?"

"Lieutenant Squeamish, at your service, my lady," cried Captain Bounce, pushing forward Sir Charles, who felt much less at home in his new character than his master; "he is young and diffident," added Bounce.

"A singular exception from the general character of young men, but not the less honourable because rare," and turning to the mock Lieutenant, Lady Rattle continued, "if you wish to lose this quality, sir, which may perhaps tell against you in your passage through life, you have only to go to court, where impudence, hypocrisy, and profligacy of every description, are unblushingly practised and openly patronized. Believe me, sir, the court of our day is a most rich and productive hot-bed of vice. But your pardon, sir, I had forgotten you bear a commission which compels you to defend the honour of him from whom you derive it."

Sir Charles, who was placed in a most perplexing predicament by this discourse, and perspired from head to foot lest he should make some blunder which would endanger his character and credit

with the prince, had well nigh betrayed his real character in his eagerness to repel the slander which had been thus levelled against the court. But the Prince had sufficient sagacity to see the danger which threatened to blow his scheme, if he gave time to the terrified baronet to reply to her ladyship. Pushing himself forward therefore, in a careless tone and manner he replied, "No, your ladyship, the Lieutenant is not very delicate on that subject. To be sure, with respect to open enemies, he is commissioned to repel force by force; but it would be a much harder and more unreasonable obligation to impose upon him the necessity of repelling arguments as well as arms. And as to myself, my lady, I have been too much used to mix in the conflict of opinions to let them agitate me any more than a summer's gale does when at sea."

"Now speak like a gentleman of adult discretion, and I must introduce you without delay to Sir Harry Baz, my very near and dear friend; for I am sure he will be delighted with you; and while you are on shore, Captain, you and your friend, the lieutenant, must do me the honour to attend my private parties. You must know, Captain, that I have commenced a course of political readings to a party of select friends three times a week. We are going through Locke, Adam Smith, Grotius, Puffendorff, and Malthus on population. The reverend gentleman seems to think the poor ought to be prevented from marrying, because the multiplication of beggary must be an aggravation of the existing disease."

Her ladyship might possibly have run on for an hour, but, at this moment, Lord and Lady Ingal were announced;

and as they were, perhaps, of some distinction, and this was the first time they had honoured Lady Rattle's parties with their presence, it was necessary that she should pay particular attention to them. Captain Bounce and his friend, glad of the opportunity of learning a little more of the company assembled together, were not a little pleased, upon her ladyship calling out to a little weazle-faced insignificant gentleman a little on her right, introduced him to her naval friends as Harry Buz, and commissioned him to take the strangers under his especial care for the evening.

Sir Harry was fully competent to the task which Lady Rattle had assigned him, for there was not an individual of the party with whose character and connections he was not as well acquainted as with his own ; for being, by nature, gift-

ed with a curiosity which nothing could weary, he had made it the whole business of his life to worm himself into the secrets of other people. That he had succeeded to a very considerable extent was, in a great measure, attributable to the easy familiarity with which he won the good opinion of his acquaintance on the very first interview; a circumstance which, as it completely threw them off their guard, and opened the avenues to their confidence, greatly facilitated his views.

From one extreme of the groupe Sir Harry conducted his friends, pointing out to them the different characters of which it was composed, and by entertaining them with a thousand anecdotes, which were not a little interesting to the strangers. After they had gone completely through the line of apartments, Sir Harry, pointing out a man of genteel

appearance, who was busily employed in ingratiating himself into the good graces of a handsome girl who was close at his elbow, exclaimed—“There, gentlemen, stands the most extraordinary personage in the room. He is the life and soul of every company, yet is eternally plunged in the cares and perplexities of life himself. Without a guinea in his pocket, he contrives to keep up the best appearance in the world; is invited into the first circles of society, and never wears a complexion of grief even for a single hour. Possessed of the most ardent imagination of any man in existence, he is continually taxing it, and throwing its produce into the laps of his friends, so that it teems with advantage to all around him, but is barren to himself. I have known him send his last shirt to a pawn-broker to raise the stake which he intended to hazard upon a horse-race; but fortune

having favoured him by throwing a five-pound note in his pocket, nothing could equal the antic of his extravagance while a shilling of it remained unspent."

"Would you believe it, gentlemen," continued Sir Harry, "that poor fellow is an instance of the grossest ingratitude that was ever shewn towards an individual. When he was in wealthier circumstances, he was the warmest advocate of Prince Gregory; and since his ruin, he has been continually on the alert to serve his royal highness, labouring to suppress every slanderous tale, and incessantly echoing the praise of the prince. By these means he has ingratiated himself among the hangers-on at court, although he has failed to make any impression on the mind of the prince himself. Continually the dupe of promises which were never meant to be fulfilled, from day to

day he has been led on to form visionary expectations ; and, though perpetually disappointed, his hope never dies. But, gentlemen, he shall answer for himself ; you must allow me to introduce you to him, and I am sure you will be much gratified with his company."

Saying this, Sir Harry conducted his two companions to the eccentric stranger, and, making them known to each other, added, " Gentlemen, as I cannot leave you in better hands than those of my dear friend, Captain Sanguine, as I have some arrangements to make with Lady Rattle, and as I am certain the Captain will successfully commend himself to your good opinion, I flatter myself no apology will be necessary for my absence."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Sir Harry skipped up the

room with the agility of a dancing-master, leaving Bounce and Squeamish to find entertainment in the conversation of Sanguine.

A very few moments sufficed to shew the adventurers that Sanguine was, in truth, a man of infinite life and humour. In a few moments he introduced himself to their acquaintance, with all the ease and success of a man of fashion. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are of the navy, I see; and, as Sir Harry says, just returned from a long cruise. Fine sphere for an enterprising young man — great source of fame and distinction. I was intended for the sea myself; but my poor mother, heaven rest her soul, feared lest her dear boy should meet with an untimely grave, and therefore got a commission in the land service—joined for a few months—passed through all the regular routine of

drills, inspections, parades, &c. ; but the regiment being ordered abroad on active service, powerful interest was made for me, and I put upon my half-pay. I now turned my thoughts to matrimony—winked at a pretty girl at a boarding-school—met with encouragement—obtained an interview—with the assistance of a rope-ladder, liberal fees, lavish promises, and post-chaise and four, carried off my *chère amie*, and was happy for twelve months. As the devil would have it, my wife played me the same trick as she played her governess, and ran away from me at the moment when I thought she loved me to distraction. Crossed and mortified, I dissipated freely—kept the best company—knew every body's concerns but my own. But, while I was establishing my character, as the best fellow in the world, I ran through all my money, was obliged to put down my carriage and horses, break up my

establishment, and sneak into the hateful walls of a gloomy prison. I had served every body, gentlemen, but nobody came to serve me. Day after day have I occupied myself with running about to tell any little tales which were in agitation against the prince. Yes, time and money have I prodigally squandered to stop backbiters who were on the point of falling against him. But, when I asked for a recompense, if I received any thing, it amounted to nothing beyond a smile or a bow. In due time, gentlemen, I was clear of my debts, returned into life, borrowed more money, and started a paper for the express purpose of advocating the cause of Prince Gregory. I applied to him for assistance, received a thousand promises; but nothing of a more substantial nature. The consequence was obvious. I ran through all my funds, found it impossible to renew them, aban-

doned my concerns, and marched back again to prison. The humanity of the law cleared me again. I have ever since half-starved upon the little wits Providence gave me ; and here I am, gentlemen, smiled on, so long as I don't begin to borrow, with an eternal cheerfulness upon my countenance, a clean shirt, a fashionable coat upon my back, my boots exquisitely japanned, but not a single *sous* in my pocket."

The eccentricity of Sanguine pleased Captain Bounce not a little. "'Pon my soul, sir," he replied, "you have met with scurvy usage for a man of your loyalty, ingenuity, and perseverance. But you will continue to act consistently, as a matter of course ; and it is very probable that by and bye the prince himself will make you an ample recompense for his long neglect of you. Is not that your opinion of him, Captain?"

Sanguine looked earnestly at his new acquaintance for a few moments, as if to make himself acquainted with his sentiments, before he would venture to speak more explicitly: then, drawing Bounce a little apart from the crowd, and putting his mouth down close to his ear, he replied, in a half-whisper, "between you and me, Captain Bounce, I'll be d—d if I say another word in his praise. I have served him for many years, as I can bring witnesses to prove, to my own great cost, but as that plan has not succeeded, let him look to it, for I'm determined to publish all I can against him."

The most studied insult could not have given a greater shock to the equanimity of the pretended Captain and his companion, than this confidential whisper of Sanguine. It was not without the utmost difficulty that the former could command

his undisturbed serenity of countenance, while the mock lieutenant stood trembling in his shoes, lest the irritability of his master's feelings should be roused into an improper violence of action.

Such a circumstance however was prevented by Sanguine himself; who, without noticing the effect which his communication had made upon his new friend, put his arm familiarly within that of Bounce, and, with the most easy assurance of tone and manner, resumed, "My dear fellow, did you never hear of a publication which was just on the eve of coming before the world containing the whole correspondence of Prince Gregory for five and twenty years? Good God, Sir! it was the most cursed thing imaginable! it would have thrown such a glare of light upon his conduct, that he could never have shown his face again."

"Blood and thunder! is it possible? You alarm—d—mme, you petrify me!" said Boance, clenching his hands in the most violent agitation, and wiping off the big drops of perspiration which stood on his brow.

"I don't wonder at it—I don't indeed," replied Sanguine: "it petrified me at the time. Zounds! Sir, it was the most perfect exposure—I read it all through, and entered all the heads in my own common-place book. I was one of the principal means of stopping this production. Another person, my dear fellow, got £500 a year for the job while I received nothing. But I have it in my power to blow the whole affair; and if I were to do so, the gunpowder plot would seem but a fool to it, and Guy Fawkes has not made half the noise in the world which I should make. Don't you think, Captain, the joke would be admirable?"

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view, not a moment was lost in sending me the most gracious reply imaginable; and if I met him in the street, I was uniformly favoured with a familiar shake of the hand; but times are materially altered now, Sir; my letters remain unanswered—as for an interview, I suppose I may expect one at Doomsday, but it would be folly to look for one sooner; and if I see him in the street, he busily employs himself in placing every particular hair of his horse's mane, until I have got some twenty yards beyond him, by which time he recovers himself sufficiently to lift up his eyes."

Bounce felt at this moment perfectly well disposed to knock down his new-found acquaintance; but as such a step must inevitably have led to his own destruction, he prudently bridled his feelings

“ Joke admirable ! dont I think ? ” stammered Bounce, and then, after the exertion of a moment or two to collect his ideas, continued, “ why really, Sir, I think it would be a serious one—I hardly know what might be the consequences ; at all events it might be as well to advertise him of your intention, since it is probable he might take some steps to satisfy your wishes without suffering things to come to such a crisis.”

“ Advertise him of it ! ” echoed Sanguine, “ what good would come of that ? I should get laughed at again, as I have been a hundred times before. No, no—let him find I am in earnest, and then, probably, he may shew a little more attention to me than he has usually done—I dare say you know his confidential friend, Colonel Macaroni ; well, Sir, once upon a time if I only sent a letter to request an inter-

view, not a moment was lost in sending me the most gracious reply imaginable; and if I met him in the street, I was uniformly favoured with a familiar shake of the hand; but times are materially altered now, Sir; my letters remain unanswered—as for an interview, I suppose I may expect one at Doomsday, but it would be folly to look for one sooner; and if I see him in the street, he busily employs himself in placing every particular hair of his horse's mane, until I have got some twenty yards beyond him, by which time he recovers himself sufficiently to lift up his eyes."

Bounce felt at this moment perfectly well disposed to knock down his new-found acquaintance; but as such a step must inevitably have led to his own detection, he prudently bridled his feelings

of resentment, and endeavoured to turn the subject, by soliciting Sanguine to give him a little insight into the character of a tall, awkward-looking, over-grown individual, who was standing at a few paces distance from them.

"That, my dear fellow," returned Sanguine, "that is the only son of an alderman of the metropolis. He is about four and twenty—has as much grace as a bear, and as much intellect as a monkey.—His mother kept him in petticoats till he was near eighteen, to prevent his father from taking him away from her side, to send him forth into the world. He was for some years considered in the neighbourhood, a curiosity at least equal to the Irish giant, or the elephant at Exeter Change. Speak to him of politics, and his answer is an idiot stare—talk to him

of science, and he gapes in your face—
but greet his refined ears with the celebrated nursery couplet,

“Hey diddle diddle,

“The cat and the fiddle”—

and you expand his soul in a moment—he feels himself at once in his native element, and on such a congenial subject would presently talk you down one of the first philosophers of the day. Were his mind equal to his body, he would appear such a giant in intellect, that none would venture to cope with him. But, alas! it is a most diminutive jewel, put up in a gross and immense cabinet, which will never reward the toil of him who ventures to explore it.”

“By my word, Sir, you have most facetiously drawn his character,” said Bounce, who was not a little pleased at

Sanguine's humour. "I rejoice much to have found so entertaining and well informed a companion."

"Now, from my soul, that is downright flattery," cried Sanguine, affecting a confusion which he was far from feeling—"It is I who have cause to be proud to meet a man of your discernment. But since you have so high an opinion of me, and seem disposed to be friendly, I'll take your advice upon a project which I have in contemplation. I have abilities, which properly directed, must make my fortune. This is an indisputable point. The only question then is, how they can be best turned to advantage? There is not a being in the world who has such a fund of anecdote as I have, or such continual opportunities of increasing it. I have tried to turn my talents to the service of the prince, and his friends; but they, al-

though not in words, have said it in effect, 'Sanguine, your genius is of no value to us, therefore you are at liberty to take it to any market you please.' This insulting treatment has convinced me that there is no reliance to be placed upon either the generosity or gratitude of princes and their ministers, and has determined me to publish all I know against them, in order to extort from them, by fair, that which they would never grant from affection. Yes, my dear fellow, it is my proposal to turn author immediately; and I mean to begin with a most severe and interesting philippic against the prince himself."

"Against the prince, eh!" echoed Bounce, "why really, Sir, I think it would be d—d inconsistent—I mean to say, would it not be better to try fair means once more, before you resort to a scheme

which must end all friendship? If you openly throw down the gauntlet against Prince Gregory, you cannot reasonably indulge any future hopes of support or patronage from that quarter."

"I have tried that already too often," replied Sanguine, in a more elevated tone of voice, as though the recommendation had excited some irritability of feeling; "I have tried it too often," repeated he, "and I will now take care to let Prince Gregory know that I am acquainted with a good many matters connected with his private life, which he imagines to be unknown beyond his palace."

The tone and manner of Sanguine, as he made this reply, were marked with so much impetuosity and choler, that the sham lieutenant was again agitated with apprehension lest the dispute might end

in something more serious than words, especially when he saw that Bounce began to glance now and then certain looks of fury about him, and to pace the room with such irregularity as portended a storm.

At this critical moment however, Sir Harry Buz suddenly came up to the party with a request from Lady Rattle, that Captain Bounce and his companion would have the goodness to act as arbitrators in a dispute which was then in discussion between herself and a few select friends at the other end of the apartments. Bounce was to the full as well pleased with the occasion thus given him to break off a conversation, which, instead of satisfaction, threatened now to produce nothing better than an impolitic heat and irritability of disposition, as was the Lieutenant himself, who had begun to

anticipate such tremendous consequences from the continuance of the discourse. They accordingly made a hasty apology to Captain Sanguine, and followed Sir Harry to Lady Rattle.

But, alas! some malignant influence seemed to overshadow every circumstance of the evening; and Bounce had no sooner escaped from one dilemma than he found himself placed in another. The question in discussion between her ladyship and her friends, related to the opinions which foreigners held with regard to the character and conduct of Prince Gregory. "My dear Captain Bounce," said her ladyship, "you have had much intercourse with foreign states, and experience has gifted you with sufficient knowledge to decide the argument which is now between us. I maintain, that the character of the prince is more freely and dispassionately discuss-

ed abroad, where the public judgment is much less under the influence of party bias and party prejudice, than our opinions at home. Foreigners see his follies in their proper light, and are enabled to take a more correct view of their probable effect, both on the moral and economical prosperity of the country. According to my judgment, the aggregate of the public opinion abroad would go to the condemnation of the prince, as possessing less virtue than he ought to possess, and concealing a portion of what he does possess."

"Your ladyship's opinion," exclaimed a little gentleman, in a very shrill voice, "implies qualified censure upon the prince. Now, to the best of my information, there ought to be no kind of a qualification in it at all; for I believe that foreigners have a much meaner opinion of the prince's intellectual powers than he

deserves; and perhaps a more violent opinion respecting his conduct, than even we at home."

"Well, well," cried Lady Rattle, in a gay tone, "let Captain Bounce decide the question. I will pledge myself to submit to his judgment, be it what it may, even though it pronounces me grossly ignorant."

Bounce, thus called upon, was utterly at a loss in what terms to fashion his reply. He was terribly afraid of giving the slightest cause for suspicion of his real character; for he was aware that even a single impetuous word might draw a hundred eyes upon him, and lead to that rigid investigation which would scarcely leave him even the hope of escaping detection.

"Your ladyship honors me much," said he, after some pause, "in constituting me the arbiter of a discussion so difficult to be determined. At home and abroad it has been my fortune to associate with mixed companies; and, as I always shunned taking part in political discussions, I had but limited opportunities of making myself acquainted with the public sentiment. As far, however, as I have the competence to judge, I should rather incline to lean to your ladyship's side of the argument; and to pronounce the more qualified censure the more extensively correct."

"Perhaps, sir," exclaimed the squeaking little gentleman, "you will tell us, that foreigners are not in the habit of censuring the prince; but, on the contrary, that he is held up for general imitation, as a model of the rarest and most renown-

ed virtues ! Probably, you may have heard him extolled for temperance, chastity, and an ever-wakeful liveliness to the wishes of the people !”

Bounce felt his choler rising at the sarcasm which was thus thrown out against his real character ; but prudence whispered to him, that, as he had condescended to put on a disguise, and to enter the school of truth *incog.* he must expect to be treated *sans ceremonie*, and learn to endure the mortifications to which he had spontaneously, although perhaps somewhat incautiously, thus exposed himself.

Assuming as complacent a look as possible, Bounce immediately replied, “ That no man could consistently give Prince Gregory such a character as that which had just been sketched by the gentleman who had last addressed him. He declared

that he had spoken to the best of his knowledge. He had indeed heard of some who had lampooned his royal highness without any mixture of mercy ; but the general bias of his opinion, from what he could gather from recollection, was correctly such as he had stated. As for himself, he should be the last man to stand up the advocate of his master's virtues. He had long been convinced, and felt a severe mortification in the conviction, that countless vices, of the most gloomy and heterogeneous countenance and character, were thrown together in the composition of his master, the prince ; and this admission he hoped would be sufficient to free him from the imputation of giving any false tinge to the information which he had picked up on the subject, in the course of his wanderings round the world."

"That's d—d good," said a voice behind Bounce. "I have noted every word down in my pocketbook, and will put it in print in the first publication which I bring before the world. I have been looking about for a little information on this subject, and I thank you for it, my dear fellow. But ah! what a close fellow you are!—Could not get you to say a word against Prince Gregory a few minutes ago!—I expected a broken head for hinting such a thing."

It was no other than Captain Sanguine himself, who the moment he heard that Sir Harry Buz had brought a message from Lady Rattle to the strangers, felt an invincible curiosity to be acquainted with the particulars of the secret conference which was to take place. He had, therefore, cautiously followed the groupe on tiptoe, determined not to lose an inch of

them, lest he should also lose any part of a communication, the great merit of which in his estimation was, that it was something not intended for him to hear. He had listened with all patience to the end, but had no longer the power to restrain the impetuosity of his feelings, when he heard the supposed Captain so freely utter those sentiments respecting the Prince, which until that moment he had suppressed with so much care and caution.

Bounce was not a little mortified and chagrined when he found himself again exposed to the persecutions of Sanguine ; and an exclamation of resentment was already on his tongue, when it was checked in its passage by an interjection of Lady Rattle herself, who exclaimed, " 'Pon my word, Sanguine, you are a most incorrigible bore ; you are continually at one's elbow, seeking for something new."

“ ‘Pon my honor, your ladyship is very severe,” cried Sanguine, bowing most complaisantly, as if to thank her for the remark ; “ your ladyship is always severe. But you really must excuse me if I enjoy my triumph for a few minutes. You must know, my lady, that this eccentric sea-captain had very nearly exceeded the bounds of good breeding at the other end of the room, because, forsooth, I ventured to speak a little freely respecting Prince Gregory ; and now that I should catch him running into the same sedition, indeed, to say truth, it is an admirable joke.”

Bounce found it impossible to keep his temper any longer. The palpable distortions of his countenance shewed that he was under the influence of some powerful agitation : every eye was turned upon him. Poor Sanguine appeared in a ter-

rible state of apprehension—Lady Rattle was paralyzed with astonishment—while the poor shivering sham Lieutenant saw no other prospect before him than that of certain detection, and a long train of impenetrable consequences beyond it. There was no alternative but discovery or immediate retreat: and in this alarming predicament, Squeamish, suddenly rousing all the energies of his nature, attributed the change in his friend's countenance to a return of the violent paroxysms to which he was occasionally subject; and at the same time, taking him resolutely by the arm, he made a brief apology to her ladyship for their rudeness, and led his unresisting master out of the mansion.

Sir Charles had no sooner accomplished this object, and brought the prince into the street, than, trembling for the consequences of his hasty and unceremonious

conduct, "Great Sir," said he, "I saw no other possible chance of escape; and to have risked a discovery would have committed your royal highness's character to the world. Pardon me, sir, and believe it was only my excessive affection for your person, and my fear lest any circumstance should occur to bring your royal highness's name into discredit, which urged me to improper violence."

The prince, who had been gradually recovering his composure from the moment when he had lost sight of those who had been the sources of his anger, was completely restored by the time Sir Charles had finished his apology; and, giving him his hand, replied, "My dear baronet, you essentially served me. You saved me from a burst of impetuous feeling, which must have infallibly discovered my name, and would have injured my

character still more deeply in the opinion of persons always ready to blacken me."

"I am happy to have met with your royal highness's approbation; but will you now, Sir, return to the Pavilion?" asked Sir Charles, in a tone which sufficiently spoke his own feelings—

"No, no, Sir Charles," returned the prince; "we have hitherto only sought information in one circle; it is yet early: let us parade the streets, and I'll warrant you that an hour's excursion will not be unproductive. I have been a little ruffled; but it is probable we may encounter something which may recompense for this first mortification."

Saying this, he put his arm within that of Sir Charles, and led the perplexed and somewhat disappointed baronet into the

best part of the town, where the shops were many of them still unclosed, and the streets had still to boast of a pretty large concourse of wanderers of every description.

CHAPTER V.

The Two Fishermen—Vulgar views of Government ; or the deductions of common sense, unwarped either by corruption or courtly complaisance—An invitation to a club meeting, which is accepted—An insight into Prince Gregory's character, which shews that his faults were not his own, but attributable to the evil influence of bad advisers—The Club House—An exterior and interior view—The president, deputy, and members—A rude method of conferring distinction—Prince Gregory and Sir Charles in new and singular situations—Tom Tattle and his budget—The effects produced upon the Prince and Sir Charles by its contents.

STREET after street our adventurers paced, without meeting with a single circumstance which promised to put them in

possession of the object of their pursuit. Sir Charles had a thousand times in his heart, cursed the Quixotic scheme which had drawn them out to encounter the toil and unpleasantness of parading through dirty streets on a dark night ; and had not his unalienable royalty stepped in to check the impious sentiment, he would probably have cursed the proposer of it as well. But Sir Charles was too well-bred a man, and too well practised a courtier, to cherish for a moment a wish derogatory to the character of a prince. In the zenith of his displeasure, therefore, he did not suffer his anger to embrace a scope beyond the scheme itself, which had conferred upon him the unenviable distinction of the evening—the honor of participating in the mortifications of his master.

Prince Gregory himself began to sus-

pect that his expedition was not likely to be productive of any new adventure; and had nearly persuaded himself to relinquish his quest, and return to the Pavilion, when the conversation of a couple of fishermen just before them, diverted the determination.

"Well, Rawlins," said one of them, "I suppose you intend to go to club this evening? Tom Tattle will be there, and he is just come from town, and will tell us all the news."

"Why, aye, Ned," replied the other, "I suppose I must go and shew myself, and pay my monthly money. But let me tell you, 'tis devilish hard upon poor wretches, who are obliged to toil from morning to night, aye, and sometimes from night till morning into the bargain, to pick up bread and cheese,—it is very

hard upom 'em to have to pay three shillings a month, without the certainty of its ever returning them a farthing, or being of any kind of use to them."

"And so says Mr. Rosebud," answered Ned; "and he therefore proposed his scheme of Saving Banks; but, as Tom says, when a man is put to his wit's end to pick up victuals and drink, what a d—d foolish notion it is to advise him to put by his savings, in order to make provision for his old age."

"Very true, Ned," replied Rawlins, "but its all of a piece with the management of our government altogether. They say that we vulgar folks have no business to trouble our heads about politics; but ought to leave debating about state affairs to those who understand 'em.—But look you here, Ned; if I work hard nineteen hours out of

twenty-four, and after all can't make both ends meet at the close of the year, why don't you, Ned, I have sense enough to know that things can't be all as they ought to be, but that there is something wrong in the management of affairs, and that something ought to be altered. That's my argument, Ned; and as far as my own interests are concerned, I have a right to trouble my head about it."

The Prince, who felt an irresistible curiosity to introduce himself to these humble politicians, whispered Sir Charles to that effect; and desiring that they should resume the names and characters which they had borne at Lady Rattle's, stepped forward, and addressing himself to the most prepossessing of the two fishermen, exclaimed, "Well, my honest friend, how are times with you? You seem to be a facetious, contented fellow."

The fisherman for a few moments surveyed his interrogator with a look of fixed attention, and then replied, " Ah ! your honor, I remember the day when I could bring home my twelve shillings to my wife and family. We could have our hot joint threetimes a week, and never wanted a barrel of good home-brewed in the house : but] now, your honor, would you believe it, twelve shillings is frequently the whole produce of a week's labour ! Thirty days out of thirty-one, we all live upon fish and potatoes. Our bread is half rye ; and, as to drink, why a firkin of the commonest table beer must last us six weeks ; and then I am obliged to pay three shillings a month to a club, for the purpose of getting a provision when I grow old."

" 'Tis a great pity," replied the prince, " that a man should not be able to live

well who labours well; but the fact is we are all sufferers. A long and expensive war, my friend, has left us with a great mass of debt and difficulty to get over; but patience is the best remedy—things must by and by return to their proper course, and then we shall get the better of these circumstances."

"I don't know as for that, your honor," replied the fisherman, taking off his hat, and making a leg—"Things be going on strangely in the government. As I'm told, there's thirty or forty thousand a year given to this man and that man for doing nothing; and you know, your honor, two or three such sums would maintain all the poor of a whole county. Then the ministers are always trying to humbug us, your honor: and as to the prince—but if both your honors will go to our club to-night, Tom

Tattle; who is a devilish odd fellow, and who knows all about these things as pat as he does his A B C, will tell you in better lingo than I can. We are going there now, your honor."

Ill humour was for a moment the prevailing feeling in prince Gregory, when he heard the fisherman comment with such freedom upon the measures of government; but the desire to obtain information, even though it might be opposite to his expectations and repugnant to his disposition, soon got the better of every other sentiment, and determined him to accept the fisherman's invitation.

"We will go with you, my honest fellow," returned his royal highness; "for, although I am inclined to think differently on this subject, I have no objection to be set right if I am wrong. I think

you said this Tom Fattle was just come from town?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the fisherman, hitching up the waistband of his breeches as he spoke; "and mackerel is not mackerel if he is not the cleverest fellow at a speech that ever opened his mouth at our club. Why lord, your honor, he has learned what they call logic; and can argue upon a topic till he makes one's very hair stand on end. I dare say he has brought a rare budget of news with him."

The answer of the prince was brief; for his mind was at the moment occupied in the consideration of the little success which had hitherto attended his excursion. Not a single syllable had he picked up which by any stretch of ingenuity could be construed into approbation of his own

conduct. Every sentiment, every expression breathed a decided hostility; and he began for the first time to feel something like a conviction rushing over his mind, that he was not that tender considerate father of the nation, which his courtiers, in the exuberance of their parasitical hypocrisy, had so often, and with too much effect, represented him to be.

At the same time, however, that this dawn of conviction visited his mind, he began to discuss with himself the practicability of any change of policy, which, by improving the situation of the country, might render his measures more popular, and himself a more general favourite. He had given himself up entirely to the disposal of his ministers; and, although his own native disposition would have led him to the adoption of a

system of public utility, yet his advisers had contrived, by arts the most skilful and successful, to involve his better principles and opinions in such a web of error and infatuation, that he had been for some time rendered utterly incompetent to the exercise of his own judgment. He was now so completely entangled in the labyrinth of a corrupt anarchy, that he saw no way of extricating himself. To acknowledge his own folly, and re-tread his steps, required a strength of mind, and an active energy, of which he did not feel himself possessed. It was impossible! He felt that recantation would subject him to the sneers of all the foolish and corrupt part of the nation; and, as this portion of the public included the great majority, he resolved to have stronger grounds for a change of conduct than the conversation which had passed at Lady Rattle's, or the il-

literate fishermen who had dared to censure him.

By the time he had come to this determination, they had reached the public-house where the club was held. Its external appearance was forbidding enough. The entrance was a low old-fashioned door, the posts of which were perforated and split in a thousand places; and they were surmounted by a tottering canopy of the rude architecture of the seventeenth century. His royal highness was a little discouraged at the singular appearance of the exterior of this rendezvous; and, had it not been for a sudden twitch which curiosity gave him at the moment, he would have turned back and abandoned his pursuit at the threshold.

The interior of the building was not

a whit more prepossessing. The floor of the apartment was composed of large flag-stones, many of which had sunk from their original stations, and formed countless furrows, to the imminent hazard of him who was not well-accustomed to the dwelling. The walls of the room had long since been robbed of their coat, which had once given them a decent and orderly appearance, and exhibited, through a hundred gaping fissures, an immense skeleton of shapeless and broken laths. A fragment of a ceiling remained ; above which the crazy rafters of the roof appalled the eye of taste, and admitted the light through such a variety of apertures, as to render the little old-fashioned casement, which ornamented one end of the room, an article of very dispensable utility. A long table extended almost from one end of the apartment to the other, on each side of which was a bench of equal

length, and at its head and foot two old-fashioned chairs, to form seats for the president and his deputy.

But, if such was the appearance of the room itself as to alarm the nice feelings of him who had been accustomed to repose on the downy couch, under the gilded roof, and encompassed by all the splendors which the most magnificent invention could devise, or the most ingenious art execute ; the appearance of the company which filled this grotesque chamber was very little calculated to excite reflections of a pleasanter description. The chair at the head of the table was filled by a rough-looking individual, whose face appeared to have withstood the weather-beating influence of at least threescore years and ten. — A hat, nearly as much worn as himself, surmounted a phiz which seemed

as if it could know no relaxation of muscle except when surrounded by the so-
calming vapour of the herb which he
smoked. His habit was the very reverse
of elegant; made of the coarsest mate-
rial, it was yet fully calculated to answer
all the legitimate purposes of clothing,
the affording of warmth and protec-
tion to the body; and if his attitude was
not graceful, it may be fairly presumed
that it was comfortable; for, with his
right arm stretched over the back of his
chair, and his right leg over the elbow,
he seemed to feel the height of human
enjoyment.

This eccentric being was supported by
a deputy, who seemed scarcely less of an
oddy than the president himself. From
his habit and appearance, it seemed clear
that he had been accustomed to brave the
battle and the billow for a long series of

years. He had an eye less than any of his companions, and, instead of holding his pipe with the hand of flesh, which he had originally received from nature, it was supported by a sort of hook of iron, for which, in an unfortunate moment, he had exchanged his own proper member. He had also an immense scar on his forehead, which materially detracted from the little peasantly which might be found in his countenance. Misfortune, however, did not seem to sit heavy upon the heart of the tar. He was evidently one of those philosophers, who submit themselves to all the dispensations of Providence with laudable equanimity; and, so long as the hook would support the pipe to his mouth, and the single eye he possessed would enable him to recognise his acquaintance, it was clear that the troubles of life made no very serious impression upon his mind.

The benches on the sides of the table were occupied, perhaps, by as motley a group of "patched and pye-bald brothers" as ever were at once assembled together. They were all men whom adversity had evidently beaten into hardihood. "hairless and sleeveless," they were, still, most contented, and smoked their pipes with as much felicity of countenance as the Bacchanalian displays when quaffing his bumpers of claret or burgundy.

Curiosity, however, which had prompted the prince at the threshold of this humble residence to throw away all fastidiousness of feeling, and to encounter whatever circumstance a brief acquaintance with its interior might produce, was now excited in a still higher degree, and determined him patiently to wait for the termination of the adventure. Sir Charles,

on the other hand, who had a much less powerful inducement to curiosity, and who was by nature and education gifted with an insurmountable abhorrence to every thing vulgar, was obliged to have frequent recourse to his snuff-box to keep him even alive, under the accumulated horrors of the scene before him. He endeavoured to compromise with his feelings by mentally persuading himself that, in recompense for the affection and loyalty he displayed in submitting to this worst of all degradations, his master could not do less than confer upon him some particular mark of distinction, as a token of his gratitude. This hope, which Sir Charles soon wound up to a confidence, was not less serviceable than the rappee with which he so often refreshed and excited his olfactory organ, and determined him to summon all his resolution to meet whatever occurrences might take place.

The two adventurers had but a moment to make their observations upon the room and the company, for no sooner were the uniforms recognized by the deputy at the bottom of the table, than without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction, he leaped from his chair, doffed his hat, and roaring out, "Avast leaving, my lads; here's the Commodore;" advanced to the prince, and humbly hoped his honour hadn't come there to look out for any shy cocks. They had all had a long spell, and were all laid up in ordinary, and most of them with their hulls so much battered, and their timbers so rotted by long service, that the best of 'em wasn't equal to a fifth rate.

"Down with your fears, and up with your manners, Tom," cried the fisherman who had ushered the strangers into the room. "These are two gentlemen,

who come upon the invitation of Rawlins and myself, to honour the club with their company to night. Their honors will excuse our plainness, and take things as they find 'em."

By this time the president himself had quitted his chair, and approached to pay his respects to the strangers. He begged pardon of their honors for being so long a coming, but as he had but a leg and a half, he hoped he might be excused for being a little slower than the rest. The whole of the company had now risen from their seats, and with one voice called upon their honours to take the chairs at the top and bottom of the table. They would fain have declined this distinction, which was much more than the prince had calculated upon or wished, but there was no way of retreating: they had obtruded themselves into the room, and there was no alternative but to submit.

In a few minutes the prince and Sir Charles occupied the situations of president and vice of the most strange assembly they had ever witnessed: and neither of them could avoid indulging in a few reflections of somewhat a ludicrous tinge upon the singularity of their present appearance. Could the court or the people at that moment have witnessed their illustrious master enthroned in a pot-house, it may be difficult to decide what would have been the nature of their sensations.

As soon as the prince had taken his seat, he found himself supported on his right by the fisherman, to whom he was indebted for the invitation which had introduced him to the grotesque assembly, while the other had placed himself close to the side of Sir Charles at the foot of the table. His royal highness felt him-

self in a state of unusual perplexity: for the first time in his life he was at a loss for words. The whole of the company had seated themselves, but out of respect to their honours, did not utter a single word. The kindness however of the talkative fisherman by his side, speedily relieved him from his difficulty. "Your honor!" whispered the man, who seemed not a little proud of the superiority which his familiar intercourse gave him over his comrades; "does your honor notice the man upon your left—only three from your honor, with the cocked hat and twisted pipe? That's Tom, your honor; that's Tom Tattle; he is just come from town, your honor, as I told you; and I'll be bound for him has got a rare budget of news. Call upon him to speak, your honor!"

While the pride of the Prince spurned

the familiarity of the fisherman, prudence compelled him to overlook the boldness, and to appear to acquiesce in its suggestions, with an affability which was foreign to his feelings. He accordingly directed his eyes to the object which was pointed out to him, but at the first glance of Tom Tattle he felt such an irresistible impulse to burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, that he was compelled to feign a cough, and to apply his handkerchief to his mouth, to conceal the distortion of his countenance.

Tom's appearance was that of a man about sixty years of age. His eye-lashes had been burnt off by an explosion of gunpowder. His nose was of twice the length and capacity of that which in ordinary cases nature bestows upon a man, and was curved at the end, something in the shape of a parrot's beak. His chin

was a huge promontory, which, with a sort of convex movement, made rapid advances towards an union with the olfactory organ; while his mouth, which made prodigious encroachments upon the sallow territory of cheek upon each side, was utterly divested of every appearance of teeth, and seemed a spacious and bottomless cavern.

There was certainly very little in the expression of Tom's countenance which indicated genius; and it may admit of much doubt whether the form of his head would have furnished even Spurzheim himself with any correct clue to an opinion with regard to any amplitude or profundity of intellectual power. The uncouthness of his figure was well borne out by the singularity of his dress, which appeared to have survived the rusting and devouring influence of two centuries, and

to have been originally designed for some person whose stature, compared with that of Sam, was about in the same proportion as the size of David to that of the Philistine. Whatever opinion, however, any indifferent observer might have formed of Tom's abilities, he himself, if a judgment might be formed from certain prominent principles of self-complacency, which ever and anon displayed themselves in his looks and actions, evidently held them in high estimation, and considered them qualified to shine brightly.

With this natural good opinion of himself, it is not to be wondered at that Tom should feel his consequence not a little augmented upon being accosted by the distinguished stranger who had taken the chair at the head of the table—"Well, honest Tom; I understand you are a man of genius and information; and also that you

are just returned from the metropolis. Now I dare say you hav'n't been there for nothing. You look like a keen genius, and one not likely to let slip any information worth bringing away. Come, give an account of yourself;—and don't be avaricious of your entertainment. How goes the helm, Tom? What's the general opinion of affairs? Are times likely to mend or be worse?"

There was a certain method in Tom's manner, which was perhaps peculiar to himself. It was a natural habit matured by education, and nothing could put him out of his usual course. Without moving a muscle of his countenance, he very deliberately proceeded to examine the bowl of his pipe—knocked out the ashes, and laid it upon the table. Then, rising from the bench, he took off the three-cornered hat which had hitherto remained sta-

tionary on the very summit of his head, and laid it upon the table by the side of his pipe. He then bowed to the strangers at the head and foot of the table, rubbed his hands together, in a manner which denoted considerable self-complacency, and cleared his throat for a reply. Not a whisper disturbed the silence which prevailed through the room. But the looks of all the company beamed the very excess of expectation, and the Prince himself, whose curiosity was strongly excited by so general and mute an attention, felt not a little anxiety for Tom's answer.

"It is true, your honor, that I am just come from town, where I have seen and heard many strange things. I have been told of plots and conspiracies, your honor; but it would puzzle those who told me of them, to point out where they

were hatched, or against whom. Now, your honor, there is such a thing as plain sense, and there is also refined sense; and that which is simple and easy, to be understood by the one, is very often quite unintelligible to the other. I am a man of plain understanding, your honor, and have got just sense enough to know which is my right hand and which is my left. I am also well enough acquainted with figures to know that two and two make four; which, without meaning to vaunt my own praises, is more than some of the ministers of our gracious Prince Gregory seem to know, if one may decide from their conduct. We are a strange nation, your honour, and are always pleased with the bubble that cheats us. The South-Sea bubble, as your honor knows, tickled the fancy, while it picked the pockets, of the wisest amongst us. Since that, your honor, we had the

Hudson's Bay bubble; and last, and greatest of all, your honor, to make all the other bubbles seem as nothing, the ministers of our time have gulled us all, wise and foolish, with that worst of all bubbles, the Sinking Fund bubble.——"

"D——nation!" ejaculated Sir Charles within himself. "If this doesn't give my master a surfeit, I don't know what the d——l will. Zounds and fury! can no means be found out to stop this fellow's tongue? The prince will be as sulky all the way home as a disappointed lover; and I, instead of getting made a peer for my complaisance in consenting to become the companion of his frolic, shall stand an excellent chance of getting a kick in the breech for not keeping him out of such obnoxious company."

As he made this internal exclamation,

he mechanically turned his eyes towards the prince, and immediately perceived that his own agitation had betrayed him to his royal highness ; who, by a significant look, which the baronet well understood, checked the progress of discontent in the bosom of the courtier, and awed him again into quiet attention.

“ Why, your honor,” continued Tom, after taking a draught of porter to renovate the vigour of his oral faculty, “ we have been living at a prodigious rate for a long time—going on as your honor and I should say of an unthinking prodigal, hand over head. Why, would your honor believe it, what with one thing and the other we are in the habit of spending annually at least an eighth above our income. Half the people are starving for want of food, and half the remainder are pressed to death with taxes which they

know not how to pay; and a great portion of the produce of which is given to pamper a few persons, who do the public no service for the money. There's the prince himself runs on as wildly as any of them. All he can scrape together, whether by taking or begging from the public, he lavishes upon eating and drinking, and upon pulling down and building up, and furnishing and unfurnishing his palaces. Here, he's going to pull down the wings of the Pavilion, and make a straight front; and God only knows what that will cost! And then, as to the town; your honor, the town is all in an uproar. There is but one thing talked about, it is in every body's mouth; but the Lord defend me from it; I don't wish for a revolution!"

"Revolution!" echoed the prince.—
"The devil!" exclaimed Sir Charles,

who, having his eye steadily fixed upon his royal highness, saw the progress of the agitation in his countenance, and was, therefore prepared to chime in with the interjection of his illustrious master.— Both of them started from their seats at the same moment, and the movement was mechanically followed by the whole company, who seemed not a little astonished and alarmed at the emotion of their distinguished visitors.

The promptitude and universality of the motion produced an instant effect on his royal highness, and restored him to his recollection. He saw in a moment the error into which his impetuosity of feeling had hurried him, and felt, that unless he immediately corrected it, he might excite that suspicion which it was his main object to prevent. Resuming his seat, therefore, in a moment, with a composed look

he continued, "Go on, honest friend. I was truly astonished; for I really did not think that things had reached such an alarming pass."

"I don't wonder a bit at your honor's astonishment," replied Tom, after giving every body time to re-seat themselves, while he drank another draught of port: "why, when I first heard of these things, my hair stood an end, and my blood ran chill through my veins. But, your honor, it is not the weight of the taxes which is so much to be complained of, as the manner in which they are misapplied. Why, save your honor, and all good and gallant gentlemen who venture their lives in the service of their king and country, if it was only to such as you that the money of the nation was given, why, your honor could show hard knocks and awkward scars for it, and the account would be

even. But, your honor, and all our gallant navy, are not half so much thought about as those fine silver-laced gentlemen who stand bowing at court, and ready to do any dirty work that is asked of them."

A general huzza from the company interrupted Tom at this point of his oration ; for the worthy fishermen thought it impossible to give a greater testimony of their respect for their illustrious visitors, than by shewing their decided approbation of a sentiment intended for so high a complement to the naval character. Such a tribute, it might be expected, would have completely overthrown the composure of the prince ; but its actual effect was diametrically the opposite ; for, instead of creating confusion, it gave his royal highness time to reflect, and reflection was always sure to recall him to himself. He saw the intention of the honest fellows,

and felt that it was necessary to seem pleased with the rough flattery. He therefore bowed, in token of gratitude, for their kindness; and, in a voice of feigned kindness, requested Tom to go on with the contents of his budget.

"Ah, your honor," resumed Tom, who, copying the example of other orators, determined to retouch the picture which had given such general approbation,—“it would grieve your honor’s heart to hear what I have heard. There are your poor midshipmen, who have been shot at and buffeted about for whole years, for only a few paltry pounds a month, now, when they expected a good comfortable provision, as a reward for their toil and danger, there they are, poor brave fellows, obliged to sleep in holes, and turn their hands to hay-making, harvest-work, or any other sort of day labour. And as for

the common sailors, why they starve by hundreds in a groupe ; and what do the prince and his ministers care about them, now their services are no longer wanted ! Why, your honor, if the prince would but venture out of the middle of his extravagances for a little while, and mix a little with his people, if he have any feeling at all he might soon pick up a lesson, which it would not be an easy matter for him to forget. Would your honor believe it ? I have heard of great merchants who have kept their carriages and equipages, and been at court, and bargained for loans, and who shot or hung themselves because they could not look poverty in the face. But never, till now, have I seen gentlemen, who once possessed all these good things, either begging in the streets, or seeing their families starve for want of the common necessities of life. But it is so, your honor ; and there are many instances of it to be found."

A

Here honest Tom paused to wipe his eyes; for, with all his eccentricities, and notwithstanding the ruggedness of his appearance, he had a heart which could feel for the distresses of his fellow-creatures. The prince and Sir Charles were also agitated; but by emotions of a very different nature. The former was occupied in quarrelling with himself, not because he was troubled with the reflection, that any part of his own conduct had caused the distresses of which he had heard from the lips of unsophisticated honesty, but that he had been so weak as to commence this Quixotic adventure in search of truth, which he was now fully disposed to consider as silly and romantic a whim as ever entered into the cranium of the brainless knight portrayed by Cervantes. Sir Charles was also in deep dudgeon at the amazing and uncourtier-like liberties which honest Tom took with the name of

the prince; and swore by all his hopes of advancement, that even a dukedom should scarcely have charms to engage him in such another project.

As soon as Tom had wiped the moisture from his eyes, so as to enable him clearly to distinguish the dial of a Dutch clock which ornamented a corner of the room, he re-commenced: "We always break up at twelve, your honor, and time is running on fast; so I must be brief. But, as we meet here every Tuesday, if your honor and the worthy gentleman, your lieutenant, will honor us with your company next club night, I'll even go through all I am obliged to omit to night. Parliament will meet soon, your honor; and, between your honor and ourselves, set down Tom Tattle for no conjurer if there is not some warm work amongst 'em when they do meet."

Money must be had, but where's it to be had from? The treasury is empty, and the public pockets are empty; so I don't know where it is to be provided. But this I do know, because my plain understanding tells me so, that Providence never intended for a whole nation to starve to support the extravagances of those who mismanage the government of it."

"Aye, aye," exclaimed the old veteran who had originally filled the chair, and who, till this moment, had remained a silent auditor of all that had passed; "the truth's the truth; and Tom's pretty near about right. While I work I have a right to eat; and who is there that will dare to tell me I have not? I served my king, man and boy, nigh upon thirty years; and if I haven't a right to a bit of bread to chew for the remainder of my life, why

then tell me who is there that will pretend to have a right?"

"Nobody, old Boom," returned Tom Tattle; "nobody has a better right, and very few so good a one. Ah, my old boy, that gipsy Fortune has kept you and me under hatches during the long voyage of life; but never repine: we are pretty near to the end of it; and when the commodore gives the signal for letting go our anchors, there will be an end of our troubles."

The prince, who had remained silent for a longer time this evening than he had done for years past, felt a powerful inducement at this moment to hazard a few words in his own defence. It required, however, an effort of some moments' continuance to summon up sufficient fortitude for the attempt. — "My good friend," at

length said he, "you seem a little harsh upon the prince. Is it not possible that he may be ignorant of the extent of the distress which prevails amongst his people at this time?"

"But he ought not to be ignorant, your honour," replied Tom, with more energy than before.—"He should make it his business to be wise in all these things; for, since Heaven has entrusted him with the interests of a great nation, it will not do for him to make such a flimsy excuse when he shall be called on to give in his accounts. Suppose, your honor, that some children had been rendered orphans by the sudden death of their father, and they and their property were placed in my hands; and suppose my servants had access to this property, and squandered it away on themselves and their friends, does your honor think it would

answer me any good purpose, when called upon by the law to account for this money, if I were to impute the loss of it to the wickedness of my servants, and demand to be excused from the responsibility because I was ignorant of the circumstance? It is just the same with us, your honour: when a king dies, the people become orphans, politically speaking, until his successor assumes the reins of the government; and the trust that then devolves upon him is as sacred as the orphan's fund in the hands of an individual. Now is not your honor of my way of thinking, if I may make bold to speak so familiarly to your honor?"

The prince, finding that the effervescent state of his feelings disqualified him from making that kind of reply which prudence would justify, suddenly started from his seat, exclaiming, "My honest

fellow, I'll argue farther with you on this subject when we meet again. The hand is on the stroke of twelve. I would not on any account be a restraint upon your feelings nor your rules; we will therefore take our leave. You are all honest fellows, and here is a guinea for your fund."

Saying this, the prince made the best of his way across the apartment, with Sir Charles close to his heels, followed by the huzzas and hearty blessings of the happy groupe; who, at that moment, although in his real character they would have treated him perhaps with less reverence than was due to his rank, under his assumed appearance of a good-hearted naval captain, alive to the interests of his fellow-seamen, would have shed the last drop of their blood in his defence.

CHAPTER VI.

The departure from the Club-house. — A resemblance similar to those which men take when it is dark within them and without them, viz. when both mind and moon are absent. — A new alarm, the precursor of a new adventure not so pleasant as the last. — The particulars of the said adventure, and how it terminated. — Prince Gregory reaches the Pavilion in a queer state both of mind and body. — His fears for Sir Charles. — The baronet's arrival. — Cordials for cure, and the recompense of loyalty and danger.

THE two adventure-hunters had but just time to pass the threshold of the club-house before Sir Charles, unable any longer to restrain his feelings, broke out into an exclamation, "Gracious Heaven!

what a set of vulgar unprincipled scoundrels, to dare to hold opinions upon political subjects! I wonder your royal highness's patience could bear it."

It was true, that Prince Gregory contrived pretty well, upon the whole, to preserve his temper while present at the club; but the inducements to a similar restraint being withdrawn, he was no longer anxious to wear the mask.—"What, man, what would you have had me done?" asked he, in a tone of such sternness, as made the frightened baronet tremble in his shoes.

"Done!" stammered Sir Charles,—
"done, your royal highness! Had you assumed the dignity of your illustrious character, the wretches would infallibly have shrunk into insignificance. By all my hopes of salvation, sir, I think you

have met with such unpalatable adventures this evening, as will most probably prevent your royal highness from wishing to indulge in such an enterprise again !”

The prince made no reply, but lapsed into a profound reverie of no very agreeable nature ; for all the events of the evening were conjured up by memory, and over-coloured by fancy, for the purpose of annoying him. All was a chaos within ; reason was engaged in a violent contest with all the passions of the breast ; it was a squabble of crimination and re-crimination ; and the effects of it were palpably visible upon his countenance, which was now bleached with the paleness of death, and anon flushed with a hectic glow, the reflection of the feverish glare which discoloured the region of the heart.

Sir Charles now and then ventured to

take a peep over his left shoulder to catch some information as to the state of the prince's mind, and he soon informed himself sufficiently to decide that this was no moment to worry his royal highness either with comments or questions. His apprehensions, however, were pretty much on the alert; and ever, in proportion as they predominated, the hope of reward, which was his great support and cordial under the most grating circumstances, became sickly and unpromising. Sir Charles resolved not to risk any thing by talkativeness; he therefore remained silent.

Thus taciturn, and with slow pace, the prince and the baronet, engrossed by their own thoughts, wandered, without any fixed object, or in any settled direction, for the space of some ten minutes, when they found themselves close to the beach, and were, at the same instant,

rouged by an exclamation beyond them in a low tone,—“ ‘Twig ’em, Will!—They are on the watch. I am down upon ’em!’ ”

There was no moon, but the few stars which studded the girdle of the night gave light enough for the two wanderers to see two men in sailor’s habits dart rapidly past them; a circumstance well calculated to alarm men of more courage than either Prince Gregory or the baronet. The former, however, as soon as he had recovered from the first shock given to his nerves by the strangeness of the adventure, found words to ask Sir Charles his opinion on the subject; adding, “ By my soul, baronet, I fear, after all, the worst of the expedition is to come; for they have evidently masked, and I believe them to be smugglers.”

“ Or perhaps some cut-throat rascals,

set on to destroy us by some villain who has discovered your royal highness!" uttered Sir Charles, as soon as his tongue made its escape from the iron fetters of terror.

"Away with such an absurd idea!" said the prince, in a half whisper, who wished to impress upon Sir Charles an opinion that he was free from such an idea, although, at the same time, it held tyranny over his mind. "Away with such unmanly fears! It is more probable that they take us for a press-gang, and the fellows who ran away, for you see they are as much alarmed as you are, perhaps are only deserters."

His royal highness would have said more, but a shrill whistle, only a few yards in their front, stopped him short.—
"The Lord have mercy upon our souls,

for we are doomed to die!" vociferated Sir Charles, in a loud voice, and dropping on his knees, to give greater emphasis and influence to his ejaculatory prayer.— "Here they are!—Here are the revenue thieves! We'll make salt herrings of the rascals, and be d—d to 'em!" cried a voice at a very little distance; and the next moment Prince Gregory found himself sternly grasped by two hard-visaged fellows, while two others complimented Sir Charles in the same way.

If any thing was wanted to complete the penitence of the prince for the scheme of the evening, this occurrence was most admirably adapted to that purpose. All the harsh terms which had been bestowed upon him in the humble hut of the fishermens' club, or in the more refined coterie at Lady Rattle's, would have been most delightful music to his ears, could he, at this

moment, have heard them from the same tongues: but this solace was denied to him, and the only solace left him was that which he found in reviling fate, and in the loose hope that some happy circumstance might lead to his enlargement.

Shut out from intercourse with Sir Charles, who was dragged away far out of sight and hearing, the prince could hold no consultation except with his own thoughts, and they were by no means very accommodating to his wishes at this moment. The fear, however, of being carried out to sea, beyond the reach of rescue, or concealed in some corner where the vigilance of loyalty could not find him, or perhaps, worse than all—being murdered, at length gave an impulse to his reflections, and induced him to make a struggle within himself, before some paralyzing horror should totally unnerve him.

The fellows into whose hands he had fallen, were dragging the prince along the beach, and loudly congratulating themselves upon their luck, when his royal highness sufficiently recollected himself to lend his ear to their conversation, from which he soon collected that they were smugglers by profession, who had that night landed a cargo of spirits and other articles near the place where they now were; and that two of them, having met with the prince and Sir Charles by accident, were seized with a sudden notion that they were revenue officers in disguise, and were coming to the beach to reconnoitre them and their cargo, with a view to make a capture of them all together.

His royal highness began to breathe again on learning this circumstance; but his hope was momentary; for, in an instant afterwards he heard the alarming assur-

since that the revenue rascals should be deceived, for the whole of the cargo should be instantly re-shipped, with the worthy gentlemen they had just laid hold of, in order that the former might be removed beyond the reach, at least, of its present danger, and the latter should have the benefit of a little marine correction.

This news was terrible in the extreme to the prince, who saw that his only chance of escape must depend upon his making the fellows sensible of the error under which they laboured, and this would evidently be a task of no light difficulty, as he had no evidence to offer of the truth of any thing he might assert. The effort, however, it was requisite to make; and there was no time to lose in making it, or it would be unserviceable.

“My good friends,” said he, summon-

ing up all the courage he could muster, "you are under a strange mistake, if you suppose me to be a revenue officer. Look at me; do I seem to be such a catch-penny ruffianly fellow? Zounds! I hate revenue officers as much as any of you, and would lend a hand any day to trounce one of them, or give him a ducking. Is my dress like that of one of these leeches?"

"Why no, my hearty," replied one, who seemed to have influence over the rest, "your face is not like one, nor your dress, nor your gab. But what of all that? We must never trust to appearances; they are often very deceitful; and we have a fine cargo, the loss of which would be the ruin of every one of us. So you know we must take care of ourselves. And pray, where were you prowling to at this time o'night?"

"Your fears are all natural, and your cautiousness prudent, my lads," replied the prince, "but there is no reason for them now. We had just left the fisherman's club, where Tom Tattle had kept us late with his fine account of affairs in town. And as to your cargo, why look you here, so far from wanting to rob you, send half-a-dozen ankers of rum to Tom, and I will give you the money for them."

Whoever baits his hook with gold is sure to catch, as it was in the present instance. No sooner did the prince mention Tom Tattle than the fellows relaxed the sternness of their gripe; but the moment he proposed giving, instead of extorting money, he found his arms unopposed, and the first use he made of his liberty was to draw out a pocket-book, and to give the knaves a sum, which silenced all scruples at once.

“But you will divulge our secret,” exclaimed the man who had before spoken; “yet, on second thoughts, this will pay us for putting out again and seeking another part of the coast. Well, as you know Tom Tattle, and as Tom Tattle is an honest fellow, and a favourite with every body; and as I don’t much think you are under false colours, you may march; and your companion, who is by this time aboard, shall be sent after you. But, mind you, if you drop a word about us, so as to lead the revenue sharks after us, your life shall be no longer your own, not even the walls of the Pavilion yonder should protect you.”

The prince started at the name of the Pavilion, and, for a moment, could not persuade himself that he was not suspected at least, if not recognized. A short recollection, however, served to dispel the

fear, and to convince him that the expression was merely a casual one, and carried nothing in it more than reached the ear. "Depend on my prudence," returned he; while a strong horror chilled his blood, as the sound of the threat still vibrated in his ears, "depend upon my silence. No individual on earth shall ever gather from my mouth a syllable which can possibly be productive of the slightest injury to any of you. If I break my word, let me die."

The pledge seemed to give sufficient satisfaction, and the prince, finding himself now more in the possession of his freedom, scarcely remained long enough to reply to the smugglers "*Good night!*" but, making the best of his way across the beach, resolved to seek no more adventures, but to reach the Pavilion as soon as he could. As he approached the town, and consequently got farther from the

smell of danger, his courage returned, and, on a sudden, he recollected that he had got a sword. Zounds!" said his royal highness to himself, "what an unfortunate circumstance that this never occurred to me before! Why, had I recollected that I had such a weapon by my side, I could have defended myself against a dozen such fellows. Sir Charles is but a pusillanimous fellow after all, for I am sure he was not so forgetful. Ah, he's a rank coward!"

Thus did his royal highness beguile the way; and, as he walked with much more activity than he had before displayed for many years, and met with no impediment to his course, in a very short time his vision was blessed with a view of the Pavilion just before him, and in the space of some half-a-dozen minutes afterwards he was once more happily seated in his own

mansion, with the anxious Tunbelly standing by his side.

"Heaven be praised for this happiness!" vociferated the General, whose excessive loyalty made him suddenly become pious;—"Heaven be praised! for I began to be alarmed. How hot your highness is, and how fatigued!"

"Aye, General," returned the prince, "and, let me tell you, that you would have been hot and fatigued had you gone through the perils and dangers which I have encountered this night. Poor Sir Charles, where art thou?"

The General had two or three times glanced round the room in search of the baronet; but the moment he heard this chilling ejaculation, he began to perspire most violently, and to thank his stars

that the baronet had filled the post of honor and of danger instead of himself. "Sir Charles, your highness!" exclaimed Tunbely, "good heavens! I hope no sad disaster has fallen upon the poor good-natured baronet!"

"He was a poor good-natured baronet, indeed," cried the Prince; "I hope those d——d rough fellows will not carry him off, or give him a passport to Davy Jones. Well, well, I think the people in eastern countries in old times must have been a much more civil well-bred set than they are here now, or else their caliph must have had a devilish odd taste to make such frequent visits among them, *incog*. As for me, I fervently thank heaven for sending me a safe deliverance out of the scrape into which my own folly brought me, and if I repeat the offence, may I be left to my own folly to get me out of it; that's what I say!"

Tenbally was completely at a loss what kind of face to assume, or in what sort of words to clothe his reply. for, to his judgment, the Prince appeared, at that moment, in the most inexplicable humour in the world. It was necessary, however, for him to make an answer, and he accordingly replied, as soon as he could shake off a little of the astonishment and alarm which had made so free with his senses.—“May it please your royal highness graciously to inform me if you have encountered any thing particularly unexpected and unpleasant, and what is become of my poor friend. Alas! I fear he’s lost—I fear his loyalty has undone him.”

“Lost!” echoed the prince.—“Run to the beach with all your regiment, or he will be lost. This cursed night has been prolific in nothing but disappoint-

ment, and mortification, and danger. I have no friends about me; my name is nothing; my rank is nothing; I am not respected by any of my people; even starving fishermen abuse me; and Tom Tattle, in the hour of distress, would be better cherished than I should."

Nothing on earth appeared so clear to the General as that his royal master had lost his wits, and he was resolved to give prompt obedience to the command he had just received, more out of fear than love; for he really was not without apprehension that a protracted stay in his prince's presence at this critical juncture could not be made without considerable risk to his personal safety. He therefore lifted up his hands and eyes, as though under the influence of the most violent emotion in the world, exclaimed, in a sort of half-audible tone,—“Cruel fate, thus to tor-

ture so excellent a prince!" and immediately rushed out of the room.

Left to himself, in perfect security, and without expectation of any instant interruption, the prince threw himself on a couch, and began to recapitulate to himself the adventures of the evening. He had received the mortifying conviction that he had been flattered out of his reason by his courtiers; that they had made such use as they pleased, or as best promoted their interests, of his faculties, both of mind and body; and that, in point of fact, he was the most ignorant man in the whole nation. But what use could he make of this discovery? Alas! he had gone too far to retract: he had placed all his power, all his engagements, at the discretion of a few confidential advisers; and, although the recollection of this hasty step now for the first time brought repentance with it, he saw

no hope nor possibility of a change, which would give him back his independence.

It was in vain that reason called upon him to exert the native energies of his character, and to redeem himself in the estimation of the people. At this suggestion, pride rushed forward, and asserted that a people who would have the audacity to treat the name and conduct of their prince, as Prince Gregory had heard his own treated this evening, were so degraded that their opinions had no longer any value. Another feeling spoke up at this moment, which had at least the countenance of policy, and argued that, although the interjection of pride was very correct, yet it was necessary to remember that the source of power was in the populace, and therefore, that however despicable they might be in point of intel-

dictated capacity of mind, they were always formidable on the score of physical strength, and consequently must be heeded a little.

Prince Gregory, who was certainly best acquainted with the engagements he had formed, and with the temper of his own mind, saw unconquerable obstacles in the way of any change of system or connections, which would, at the same time, save his own feelings from any great violence, and gratify the fastidiousness of public opinion. Under these circumstances, finding he could not pick up a clue to the labyrinth; he determined that the concession must come from the nation, which ought to be contented to relinquish opinions which clashed with the private views and feelings of him who was their legitimate and Heaven-anointed head.

Just as he had reached this point of the argument, a noise in the anti-room interrupted the thread of his cogitations ; and before he had time to inquire into the cause, the door of his apartment suddenly flew open, and without any kind of introduction or other ceremony whatsoever, who but Sir Charles Placid himself,—the poor, lost, agitated, chop-fallen baronet,—should rush precipitately into the room.

At any other moment than this, such a breach of etiquette, such a violation of the respect due to the prince, would have received a proper check ; but now the circumstance of the manner was so completely merged in the eclipsing nature of the fact itself, as never to be thought of by the prince for an instant. In the ardor of his first emotion, in truth, his royal highness so entirely forgot all his accustomed dignity, and the usual forma-

lity of the court, as to rise from his couch, with something of a motion half-waddle and half-trip, and to hasten to meet his restored friend, and to salute his re-appearance with a hearty welcome.

“Is it possible, baronet!” cried the prince; “By Heaven I was never more pleased to see you in my life. Why, I have just sent Tunbelly and a regiment of soldiers to scour the beach in search of you, my hearty! But you look fagged—positively jaded! Come, sit yourself down on the couch and tell me how they served you, and how it happened that they gave you your liberty so soon—I am anxious to hear all.”

Sir Charles, all obedient to the command of his master, took his seat by the side of the prince, and taking off a bumper of Noyeau to recruit his languishing spirits,

and to give him that energy of which he always stood so much in need, but more than ever after such a tissue of melancholy adventures, he attempted to give as succinct an account of the affair as he could, halting at every dozen sentences to take breath.

“Your highness remembers the whistle! Zounds! I shall never hear a butcher’s boy whistle in the streets but I shall feel all the horrors of hell, from the recollection it will rouse. Just then, a fellow pounced upon me, with a monstrous cudgel in his fist; which, without coming in contact with my head, made my eyes dart fire prodigiously. If it had not been for his cudgel, your royal highness, I would have pinked him.”

“But you had a sword, Sir Charles,” interrupted the prince—“although I sup-

gave that little circumstance escaped your memory, as it did mine, until it was too late for it to be of any service to you !”

“Why, to say truth, your royal highness, I did not draw upon the ruffian !” returned the baronet, “because I thought such a weak weapon against his cudgel would be odds which would leave me no chance. But I abused the fellow most manfully, and told him I was a man of the utmost consequence, and that if he dared to use me ill, it would be of bad effects to him. I shewed him I had no fear of him in the least.”

“That certainly was very courageously said of you, Sir Charles,” cried Prince Gregory again. “But pray did you not go on to give him an account of your pedigree, family, and connections, and so forth.”

“No, your royal highness,” resumed Sir Charles, “for had I been so disposed, the fellow had so little civility about him, and was so fond of hearing himself talk, that he stopped me short, and swore to knock my brains out for a d—d custom-house spy if I did not be quiet; and so, Sir, I acquiesced; and away they lugged me to a small boat lying close to the beach, and then held consultation whether they should tie my hands behind me, and throw me into the sea, or if they should wait for the captain. Luckily for me, they decided for the latter, and I had time to think on my situation. “Gentlemen,” said I, “do you want money?—I have not much about me—three or four bank notes or so, and a few dollars, eighteen-penny-pieces, and shillings, are all my stock; and you are very welcome to them all if you have any need of them.”——

"Upon my honor, baronet, that was very politely said of you. You were correct in giving the rascals a lesson of good breeding. But how did they take it? Did they contrive to relieve you of your superfluous cash?"

"Your highness is facetious," returned Sir Charles, "and I can be facetious now; but half an hour ago I would have given all my fortune and expectations for one glance at this heavenly mansion. The rascals d—d me and my money: told me I knew them very well, and wanted to come over them; but that they were wide awake and would disappoint me. I assured them they were labouring under some most lamentable mistake which I was anxious to clear up; but they only laughed at me, tied my hands and legs together, and left me in a heap in the boat, while they went to look for their comrades.

“ While they were absent, I exerted myself to get rid of the cord, but they had managed it too well for me to gain my end. I freed one hand, and had then the mortification to find I must be content to remain a prisoner. While I was cursing my unhappy lot, however, I heard the sounds of approaching voices, and was almost immediately accosted by one they called Captain, who told me they had been mistaken in us, that they believed us to be honorable men, and that I was at perfect liberty to make the best of my way after my companion, who had been set at liberty some few minutes before me. Your royal highness may believe I did not pause long in adopting the advice of the captain : the moment I felt myself in possession of the use of my members, I gave them all a hearty but inaudible curse, and here I am.”

The grotesque appearance of Sir Charles was too much for the gravity of Prince Gregory to peruse without some relaxation of feature. He was still evidently under the influence of the most extreme terror, and stared and trembled at the shadows reflected on the wall. "It is dreadfully late, your royal highness," stammered he, as if afraid to shew his fears, yet unable to keep them down—"and my road home is through another part of the beach. Zounds! my hair stands an end at the idea of these sea robbers. How can I go so as to escape new dangers; for I am so shaken, that a

slight thing would now utterly destroy me?"

"How can I go so as to escape new dangers; for I am so shaken, that a

"Don't alarm yourself, my dear fellow," answered the prince, "you shall run into no more perils to-night. Here will we enjoy ourselves after the dangers we have

so well encountered and escaped; and a bed shall be made up for you. So banish every thing like terror from your breast, and make up your mind to drown every thing like care and sorrow; for we have both need of something to reinstate our valour and spirits."

No proposition could have been more agreeable to the feelings of Sir Charles than this one, and he was on the point of returning his thanks in a more connected strain than that which marked his narration, when the door opened, and the terrified baronet, in whose imagination the smugglers were again before him, dropped from the couch, and was about to hide himself beneath it; but the well-known voice of Tunbelly, aided by a loud horse laugh from the prince, as quickly banished his rising apprehensions, and recalled him to his former composure, and

to resume his seat upon the couch. "Pardon me, your royal highness," said the baronet, "but I really am so unhinged by the shocks I have experienced within the last four hours, that I fear I shall not recover my external courage for at least a week to come."

Tunbelly had by this time approached Sir Charles, but started back on beholding the pale face and bristling hair of the trembling figure before him. He was for a moment inclined to smile at the singularity of the baronet's appearance, but his ignorance of what had really occurred, and his fears that it might have been a more serious matter than he afterwards understood it to be, checked the inclination, and induced him to ask in a querulous tone, "My dear Sir Charles, I really feared that some terrible mischance had plunged you into the sea. We have

hunted over the beach with lighted torches, and I have now left a party engaged in vain search. I myself hastened back to shew his royal highness your pocket-book, which we found, and which led us to conclude that we should meet no more in this world."

"Horrible idea! and false as horrible!" ejaculated Sir Charles. "Gracious Heaven! To have it supposed that I was dead! To think of you, my dear General, asking the waves to give up my mangled carcase! To hear, in imagination, the bell tolling for my funeral! To see my friends in sable weeds, with white pocket handkerchiefs! To view my dear Teresa, with streaming eyes and dishevelled hair, wandering along the sea shore, and cursing the turbulence which overwhelmed her Placid! To think of these things, with all the accompanying horrors of coffins,

shrouds, shovels, hearses, pickaxes, undertakers, and all the rest of the dark catalogue of horrors—Oh! it is enough to unman a Scipio Africanus! Pray, General, don't say a word to recal the remembrance."

"Poor Sir Charles!" cried Prince Gregory,—“thou art indeed in doleful dumps, and, I fear, one far beyond the reach of Canary or Curaçoa. But we'll try the effect of these prime regenerators; and thou art become morbid, indeed, even to death, if they work no change upon thee. As to me, I escaped with more *eclat*, by purchasing half-a-dozen ankers of ruin to reward the rascal who abused me so outrageously this evening. But I see, Tunbelly, your are bursting with curiosity. Look out for some excellent provender for us to close the exploits of the night with, and when thou returnest, I will relate to thee the details of this first of my adven-

tures for many years, and which is so likely also to prove the last of them, unless my views alter."

Tunbelly, who calculated on as much merriment in the hearing the narration, (as he judged from the facetious tone of the prince,) as the adventurers had experienced sensations of an opposite description in encountering them, was not backward to render obedience to the command of his prince; and being, as hath before been stated, a determined lover of excellent cheer, he traversed the larders and cellars of the mansion, until he had arrayed his tongue with a bill of fare, which he knew would gain him the hearty commendation of a master, whose temper was not unfrequently regulated by his grosser feelings.

In the meantime, Sir Charles rapidly

recovered from the effects of the night's expedition, and more than once loudly ejaculated a thanksgiving to Heaven for the preservation of so illustrious a prince as that he had the honor to attend, and of so loyal a subject as himself; and whatever degree of sincerity might be supposed to attach to the former part of the prayer, very few will be inclined to call in question the truth and ardor which suggested the latter. Prince Gregory rallied the baronet on his unceasing piety, and recommended it to him to take upon himself holy orders, on the same principle on which heroes and knights of older times frequently terminated a life of gallantry and adventure, by assuming the cowl and the cross, and devoting themselves to the service of Heaven.

The suggestion, however, was but little to the taste of Sir Charles; his piety

was merely the growth of the moment, and the production of a momentary impression of mind. He had no kind of wish to throw off his attachment to worldly pleasures and pursuits; they were too necessary to his happiness to be so easily dispensed with. "Great Sir," said the baronet, "I must needs confess that I do not hold the opinion that a convent and a life of utter seclusion from your *quid nuncs* call vanity, constitute heaven; nor am I gifted with a mind sufficiently great to aspire after the holy life of a cowed and crosiered monk."

"O Sir Charles," answered the prince, "you have indeed formed a very erroneous opinion of the pleasures of a cloistered life. Why, man, can you be ignorant that monks have superior joys to those which the imaginations of the unenlightened laity perceive? For my own

part, I would have desired no better sport than to have had my lot cast amongst a brotherhood of Augustine monks, in the neighbourhood of a country pretty well peopled with lovely dames, who were inspired with a becoming respect for the pious orders, and a proper obedience to the dictates which, through her privileged sons, mother Church might think fit to promulgate."

"Your highness is very facetious on the subject," returned the baronet.—
"But how would you have relished the self-inflicted privations and punishments which it is sometimes necessary to endure, at least to keep up appearances, and deceive the world? How would your royal highness have relished the flagellations, the bread and water diet, the stone bed, and the wretched pallet of straw?"

A loud laugh from the prince checked the questions of the baronet, and was soon followed by an exclamation, "Why, baronet, thou art the most incorrigible greenhorn my eyes ever witnessed, or my ears ever heard. What! dost think that they were serious in these things — a painted and besmeared back would easily pass for a flead one; and, as for bread and water, stone beds and pallets of straw, they were sacred relics, kept to be exhibited, as occasion might require, as evidences of their piety and their zeal in the search after heaven. No, no; they were too excellent judges to content themselves upon frugal fare; their God was not so unreasonable as to require it, if men did!"

"Still, great sir," replied Sir Charles, "the restraints which they were obliged to impose upon themselves were irksome

in the extreme, and would have exceedingly mortified a prince of such taste and excellence of judgment as your royal highness. I am sure it would be intolerable."

"Perhaps it might at first, but custom would have reconciled one to the hypocrisy," exclaimed the prince—"and then, baronet, this very restraint would have so greatly improved the relish for enjoyment, that pleasure would have been sublimed into extacy. Ah, you are but a shallow reasoner on such subjects. You are no connoisseur in the luxury of living: You are better formed for a Bacchanal than a monk."

Sir Charles, however, considering it more politic to chime in with the prince, eagerly replied, "It is true, great sir, I was so; but, I must admit, your picture

of a monastic life has made a convert of me. There must be, as your royal highness so well observed, such an augmented enjoyment in stolen pleasure, as would amply compensate for the restraints under which one might be compelled to place one's self."

"You think so, eh, Sir Charles?" exclaimed the prince, who was pleased with the baronet for thus compromising his own opinions. "Well, I am of that opinion most decidedly; and you are a reasonable man to be so easily convinced by fair argument. I thought I should make you a convert to my opinions."

"Your royal highness undervalues your own talents, and over-rates my pliability," replied Sir Charles. "I retained my opinions to the last moment, until the absolute superiority of your royal highness's

logical powers completely drove me out of the field, and made me own myself vanquished."

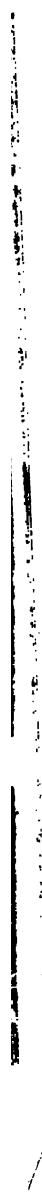
Just as the baronet had uttered these words, Tunbely appeared, armed with a couple of bottles of cordials under each arm, and followed by two others bearing a hamper filled with select wines and *liqueurs*; a very different turn was pretty speedily given to the conversation; and, in the course of a couple of hours, the whole of the party were qualified to encounter the dangers of the night again, and to atchieve more exploits than their heated valour performed with the weapons of imagination.

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THE
PAVILION;

OR,

A Month in Brighton.



THE
PAVILION;
OR,
A MONTH IN BRIGHTON.

A Satirical Nobel.

BY
HUMPHREY HEDGEHOG, ESQ.
Author of
"A MONTH IN TOWN," "GENERAL POST BAG,"
"REJECTED ODES," &c.

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THE PAVILION.

CHAPTER VII.

The lingering effects of the nocturnal excursion on the mind of the Prince.—He calls in the aid of amusement to dispel them—Court Theatricals.—Whimsical choice of plays and cast of characters.—A few natural reflections on the disposition of the Prince.—The arrival of Jenkinson, big with a cabinet scheme for a new Court Livery, to increase popular respect and prevent revolution.—Some particulars of the Livery.—Jenkinson's advice to his master how to prevent plots and conspiracies against the Crown.—The new lights begin to dawn in the Prince's mind.—He leaves them to kindle, while he qualifies himself to play the ruined Gamester.

ON the following morning, when the vapours of the wine had cleared away from the brain of the prince, the natural

effect produced by his nocturnal ramble returned with full force. The increased impression upon his mind, that instead of being the object of public affection he was the subject of very general reproach, communicated a new acidity to his temper, rendered his common habits of intercourse less tolerable than ever, and entailed upon those around him the necessity of placing their inventive faculties under constant requisition, to repel the attacks of discontent and *ennui*.

With this view, the various branches of his family, and incessant groupes of the fashionable world, hurried down to Brighton, to form a phalanx round him, through which care and vexation could never make their way to his sacred person.—By continual doses of flattery they attempted to steal him away from those fits of abstraction into which he too frequently

lapsed, even in the midst of the gayest parties, and which plainly demonstrated, that however light he pretended to make of those opinions of him which seemed to obtain more every day, they did, in reality, strike a deep impression.

It was but a very few evenings after the affair of the ramble *incog.* that a select party had assembled at the Pavilion at the express desire of the daughter of Prince Gregory, who, with her royal consort, had arrived there the day before. The circle of conviviality was confined to members of the family of the prince and his principal advisers, with two or three others selected from the whole sphere of fashionable society.

For the space of two hours, the old amusement of cards and scandal monopolized the attention of the whole company;

but at the expiration of this time, the watchful eye of filial affection convinced Lady Charlotte that her father was relapsing into one of those indispositions of mind which had of late rendered him so unusually thoughtful and melancholy.—A change of amusements was immediately proposed. The suggestion lighted up the fading eye of the prince, and infused a new vigour into his mental system, banishing in a moment the dullness which had previously made such rapid advances over his countenance.

Numberless plans of entertainment were successively proposed, but, after undergoing a brief trial, were as speedily abandoned to make room for some new speculation: and thus, although no amusement was projected of sufficient merit to fix attention for any length of time, the variety of the plans effectually promoted

the object of Lady Charlotte, by keeping her father's mind in a continual state of giddy and expectation.

By these means, the time had been beguiled till midnight; when Stewart, one of the principal advisers of the prince, and who consequently had a predominating influence in keeping his master in good humour, proposed the getting up a play at the Pavilion, the characters of which should be supported by such of the persons present as were disposed to coalesce in a measure of such general amusement.—The idea was met by the most marked approbation of the prince himself, and, as a natural consequence, there was not a single individual present who did not feel, in the anticipation of its production, an ecstasy which had never been surpassed on any former occasion, and rarely, if ever, equalled.

The only difficulty was to select a play for the occasion. As to a theatre, the prince readily offered a suite of rooms in the Pavilion, which, at the expence of a few thousands, might be properly fitted up, and embellished with scenery and every other requisite, to render the aspect of the thing as perfect as possible: and *Enragé* Stewart, with all that complacency of manner which generally marked his address, slyly whispered to his royal master, that as to the little matter of expence which such an exhibition might throw upon the public, if the prince would leave it to his management, he would make ample provision out of funds, the applicability of which was never inquired into.

Enraptured with this proof of his adviser's attachment to his pleasures, the prince replied in the same low voice, — " Ah, Stewart! you are a sly fellow! —

You want to astonish the court here as you did the great folks at Vienna, by shewing how gracefully you can waltz and cut capers among the lasses ! Wonderful genius ! Qualified either for the master of a cabinet or of a dancing academy ! I hold thee valuable, Stewart ; for thou art a loyal and steady servant, and ready to run any risks to please thy master. Thou hast got enemies, Stewart ; but never mind ; so have all great men : and I will stick by thee. Yes, yes ; I think to make thee a peer, and then thou shalt sit in the upper house, and save thy breath !”

Stewart bowed at this new proof of his master's friendship to him ; as well he might ; for, who would not bow for a peerage ? But now to choose the play : Etiquette, of course, declared the choice to rest with the prince ; but his royal high-

ness, out of sheer politeness, declined to take the election upon himself, but proposed that each person present should write the name of a play and farce upon a slip of paper, and after this had been done, that each individual should give the slip to the prince, signed with the name of the person who had written it. His royal highness then proposed to read the names aloud, one by one, and to decree the performance of the pieces which were repeated oftenest. The plan was greeted with universal acclamation; and, in a very few minutes, each individual of the company had placed a slip, properly written and undersigned, in the hands of his royal highness.

“Come, Stewart,” said his royal highness, putting the slips in his hand, “you shall be my secretary, and read out for me.” The pliant courtier made a very

low bow, humbly thanked his royal highness for the prodigious honor he had conferred upon him ; and, opening the slips, began with an audible voice to recite their contents. "Great Sir," said he, "the first slip is signed by your royal highness's illustrious daughter ; and the pieces written upon it are—hem !—bless me !—yes,—*Love's Labour Lost*, and *Of Age To-Morrow!*"

The poor secretary blushed a deep crimson as he read the words, and seemed almost afraid to look his royal master in the face ; the more especially as he saw a general smile on the countenances of the whole of the company, and heard a sort of titter, which was but ill concealed.—His confusion, however, was but momentary ; for almost as soon as it appeared, it was dispelled again by a laugh from the prince, followed by an exclamation,—

"Ha! ha! ha!—Well done, Charlotte!—That's excellent — excellent indeed!—This is the best joke I have heard a good while!— Wasn't this a fine scheme of mine, Stewart, to have the names to the slips, eh?"

"Oh! full of genius, your royal highness—just like all the rest of my prince's ideas!" So saying, Stewart looked round to his master for his cue, when to recommence reading. "Go on, go on," said the prince, "I long to hear who comes next." Stewart bowed and took up the next slip, "The next, great Sir, is written by your own most illustrious fingers."—"Ah! then I know it," said the prince, and looked round as though he expected to be applauded for his sagacity; at the same time continuing, "But you know, Stewart, it must be read.—Oh yes—read by all means." The courtier immediately

resumed, "Your royal highness has been graciously pleased to write down, *The Divorce*, and *The Weather-cock*." The company looked at each other, but neither spoke nor smiled.

"The next slip, your royal highness, is that of your illustrious mother; but it only contains a single name, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*." "Well now, that's very excellent!" cried the prince. "Aye, aye—my mother has more wit than fifty of your common dowagers, and she is a Merry Wife of Windsor, sure enough!"

"The next," resumed Stewart, "is signed by Lord Redhead, and names *The Gamester*, and *The Pannel*. The next is by your royal highness's brother, Prince Frederick, and the pieces are, *He would be a Soldier*, and *Love and the Tooth-ache*. Countess Conway names *Achilles*

in *Petticoats*, and *The Prize*. Mr. Haddington had first written *The School of Reform*, but he has crossed it out, and substituted *The School for Prejudice*, with the new farce of *Nota Bene*. Lady Windem has chosen *The Inconstant*, and *The Midnight Hour*; Mr. Law, *The Revenge*, and *Rugantino*; and Old Stock has selected *Cheap Living*, and *Chrononhotonthologos*; and this, I believe, and please your royal highness, is the last of the lists handed over to me."

"No, no, Stewart; where's your own?" exclaimed the prince, "Come, come—you must not try to cheat us, Stewart." Thus called upon, Stewart produced his own slip, which he had omitted to mix with the rest, and read with a more diffident tone than he was accustomed to assume, *The Double Dealer*, and *Bombastes Furioso*. "Aye, aye!" exclaimed his royal

highness, "thou art a double-dealing fellow, sure enough. But what's to be done? Here are no pieces twice named.—Come, you must put all the lists together, and I'll draw one at a venture; and that shall decide what piece shall be performed."

Stewart, all obedience, prepared the lists, and the lot fell upon the scrap written by Redhead, containing *The Gamester* and *The Pannel*, "and a good play it is," said the prince as he read it, "only a little too dismal—Redhead shall perform Stukely, and I will take the character of the poor deluded Beverly. But where shall I look for a Mrs. Beverly? My dear Countess Conway, you have too much of the *embonpoint* to throw yourself into those agitations which the part requires. My dear Lady Windem, you are just the figure—you are thin, young, handsome, and an elegant *contour*. I could expire

in your arms with a very great deal of rapture, I assure you. Tell me, charming fair, will you be my Mrs. Beverly?"

Lady Windem curtsied a grateful consent; the play was immediately produced, the characters distributed to the different persons present, and it was determined to produce it in the following week, on the very first day the parties were perfect in their parts, and the preparations for the representation were in other respects complete.

Prince Gregory had now an object which, at least for an hour and a half in the day, diverted his attention from those thoughts which had a tendency to create irritability of feeling. And although application was by no means a prominent trait of his disposition, he set himself to work, probably with a much better grace

than if he had met with no circumstances from which he had a particular desire to abstract his mind. Any study—any labour at this moment, was preferable to the painful reflections to which a recurrence to his own conduct, or a reference to public opinion, gave birth. But while this transient subject gave occasional employment to his mind, and thus in some degree filled up those moments which, left unemployed, might have been occupied by gloomy considerations, there was still a great portion of his time, in which there was ample scope for the demon of despondency to extend his unnerving influence; and no sooner did the prince lapse into a state of indolence of thought, than all the gloomy train of this pleasure-desolating fiend came marshalled in grim array before his imagination—diffused a dull vapour over the region of his intellectual capacity—and urged him to have

recourse to the exciting powers of the sparkling streams, which gives wild but fleeting relief.

The rank and situation of the prince, indeed, placed him on an elevated pinnacle, where he was particularly assailable by care and anxiety. In the vulgar estimation he was not only made amenable for the errors of his misconduct, and the impolicy of his ministers, but an absurd, although harassing responsibility was attached to him, even for all the visitations of Providence which were not agreeable to human feeling. Did the unpropitiousness of seasons impede the usual course of natural productions, or shed untoward blights upon the fruits of the earth, if the prince did not get the whole of the blame, the ignorant censured him, and the timid hypocrite, who could not find courage to revile heaven, compromised with his con-

science by a little harmless slander on its vicegerent.

Scarcely twenty-four hours had elapsed since the arrangement had been determined on for the production of the play, before Jenkinson arrived at the Pavilion from the metropolis, swelling with information of the most important description, and anxious to hold immediate consultation with the prince, upon subjects which, from the strangeness of his manner, seemed to portend matter of the last consequence either to the interests of the prince or the public.

The first effect produced by his sudden appearance, both upon the minds of his royal master and of Stewart, who was his master's echo, was that dreadful apprehension of a general rebellion of the discontented people against the constituted

authorities ; and before Jenkinson had scarcely time to make his bow of introduction, in the ardor of his anxiety to know what had occurred, the prince had already asked a thousand questions. "Is my father dead?—Are the people up in arms?—Is my palace gutted and burnt?—Did you call out the life-guards?—Is my faithful Barton safe?—Are my Chinese idols knocked to pieces?—Who heads the mob?—Quick—tell me all about it!"

"I beseech your royal highness to calm yourself," cried Jenkinson as soon as he could find space for a word or two.—"Your royal highness has alarmed yourself without cause—There is no mob—no rebellion—at least, none that we have discovered : not but that the symptoms of the times are very alarming—so alarming indeed as to cause my colleagues and me to hold a council last night, the result of which I come to communicate!"

"Council!" echoed the Prince and Stewart in a breath; the prince immediately resuming, "what the devil have you been counselling about? Surely something extraordinary must have taken place!"

"I'll explain to your royal highness," returned Jenkinson. "We have every reason to suspect that terrible gunpowder plots are in agitation. We have heard of secret meetings, manufactories of arms, most vile seditious oaths, and we have examined various persons who have voluntarily come forward to tell us of things which make one's very blood run cold.— We have been told of a machine to blow up your royal highness, to which the infernal machine which was let off at Napoleon Bonaparte in Paris, was a mere cracker. But we have thought of a plan to defeat the danger which is threatened, preserve your highness, and save all our carcasses."

“Heigho!” sighed the prince, “after frightening me into the vapours, it is very well for you that you had something in the shape of an antidote to offer. Out with it, and with as much brevity as you please.”

“It has been asserted,” renewed Jenkinson, “that the great revolution in a neighbouring country, which has kept us in a state of war so many years, and blessed us with a debt which we shall never pay, was caused by the leaving off of cocked hats; because the higher classes, who used to wear them, when they put them off, put off their dignity with them: hence it follows, your royal highness, that to preserve the dignity of rank, is to prevent those breaches of the public peace which have before now led to revolutions. Now, if it please your royal highness, as we, who are your best advisers, have no dignity at all

to put off, we conceive it may answer the same purpose if we were to take a little upon ourselves. We therefore, in full council last night, determined to lay before your royal highness the necessity of designing for us some distinguishing feature of dress, which may give us a sort of *coût* in the eyes of the nation, and induce people to adopt towards us a certain humility of salutation, which would promote public order."

Prince Gregory cast a significant glance at Stewart, before he ventured to make any comment upon the communication of Jenkinson; and Stewart, understanding his cue, lost no time in making known his opinions. "As my colleagues have weighed the matter, and discussed it in a deliberative body, it would ill become me to raise objections out of mere fastidiousness of disposition. I clearly agree with them

in sentiment, that a peculiar description of dress, which might mark elevated rank, is an object greatly to be desired : for instance, a beautiful yellow, with rich fringe of about a foot in width, for the highest officers of your royal highness's government. A beautiful pea-green, with a fringe of nine inches, for the second class. A sky-blue, with a fringe of six inches, for the third class; and any other colour, white, grey, buff, pink, or chocolate, as may be most consonant to your royal highness's taste, with a three or four inch fringe, for the fourth class. To my judgment, sir, this is the brightest idea that has struck the cabinet since I have had the honor of being a member."

"Gad so! it appears very reasonable and desirable, in my view," said the prince. "I wanted to hit upon some scheme to advance the respectability of myself and my

court, and I do really think this is the very best idea in the world. We'll issue a decree upon the subject, without an hour's delay, and the whole court shall appear in livery as soon as the arrangements can be brought to perfection. But nay, Jenkinson, were you serious in talking about such plots and infernal machines, and treasons, and so forth, with which you seemed so charged when you arrived? If you were serious, you must put me in a way to escape these, and to prevent future ones."

Jenkinson was a sort of equivocal courtier. The flatteries which policy extorted from him, came from him as though he was not hearty in the cause. He was not so wedded to power and royal patronage as Stewart and the rest of his colleagues; for he was growing old, and a long life spent in the enjoyment of these ostenta-

tious blessings, had given him a kind of surfeit of them, which made him very willing at any time to relinquish them. More than once he had ventured a gentle remonstrance to his royal master upon the subject of that extravagance of system, which had involved the country in so many difficulties, and himself in as many prejudices with regard to the public opinion. He had asserted it in the ear of the prince, that there was a danger in carrying to too great an extent his contempt for those who constituted the community of the country; who were, of course, the sinews of its physical strength, and the sources, not only of the dignity, but of the existence itself, of the kingly power. He was, consequently, a person of a different description to Stewart in many features, and was more likely to elicit opinions, stamped with a much greater degree of truth and independence, than those which came from his colleagues.

Jenkinson bowed his head and returned, in a tone of diffidence—"The people, Sir, are reduced to the lowest extremity of suffering. It has been usually understood, that the degree of patriotism in the human bosom, must be in the exact proportion of the stake which the individual has in the country. Now this must either be a stake of property or of feeling. It is too clear that a war, extended in its sphere, protracted in its duration, and exceeding in its expence, any war recorded in the pages of our history, must have dreadfully desolated individual property. Tens of thousands have been deprived of all their property by the oppressive weight of taxation, (for, although this is a point we must not publicly concede, we cannot but admit its truth amongst ourselves,) and as many more, who were in possession of ample property, have found their incomes so circumscribed

and impoverished from the same cause, as to be scarcely able to meet the pressure of circumstances. It appears, therefore, that the stake of property is reduced to little more than a shadow, lingering behind the substance which has passed away. With regard to the stake of feeling, it seems to me that the generality of distress must have had the effect of rendering the bosoms of the great majority of the people callous to those sensibilities which are necessary to constitute this stake. Now, Sir, when things are in such a situation, and the property and feelings of society have been thus ravaged and rent; when the minds of men are discontented, and all the passions of their nature ripe for combustion; it requires a combination of skilful efforts to prevent the volcano from bursting forth and pouring its destructive lava around. The only way to prevent a recurrence of these

dangers is to shew a disposition of the most unequivocal nature, and too plain to be misunderstood or misinterpreted, to promote the public good, by lessening the weight of public evil."

"You are always moralizing of late, Jenkinson," exclaimed the prince; "so that when one asks you for an opinion, one is generally favoured with a sermon. However, I must say there is some point in your argument. I have received a lesson on the subject which is not likely very soon to escape my recollection. The livery must be first attended to, and then the public good. We will confer more largely upon those subjects to-morrow: in the mean time, let me tell you, I have every disposition to do the thing that is proper, if I perceive among the people themselves, a disposition to display a proper regard for my feelings and inte-

rests, and not any longer to insult me with those unmannerly slanders which they have of late so plentifully heaped upon me."

"The change must begin with your royal highness," replied Jenkinson.—
"The people will be ready to recant their ill opinion the moment that they see that you set a value on their sentiments. You cannot remain a king without their concurrence, but they may remain a people without your's. 'The times are out of joint,' and it must be our endeavour, in conjunction with your royal highness, like skilful surgeons, to replace the dislocation, and to administer those remedies which, by destroying every impulse to inflammation, will prevent any fatal effects."

"That's all very good—very good indeed, Jenkinson," answered the prince.

"But as the bones have been so long out, they may as well remain so until morning, and then we will determine what may be done towards setting them. For the present I am particularly engaged. You know, Stewart, I have got to learn the part of Beverly, in *The Gamester*, and must be perfect."

So saying, Prince Gregory dismissed his courtiers, and, repairing to his study, set about the task of qualifying himself for the character of the ruined Gamester.

CHAPTER VIII.

A recurrence to old friends.—Sir Charles Placid struck of a heap by a charge of Teresa.—He recovers himself, and successfully parries it.—Modern and fashionable chit-chat.—An arrangement for a masquerade.—The cause of the masquerade, and the sphere of its exhibition.—Prince Gregory's appetite for pleasure.—His new scheme of wandering incog. with Sir Charles and another.—His command reaches Sir Charles in a distressing moment.—Struggles between love and ambition.—The victory of the latter, and the scrape into which it plunged the baronet.

“**BLESS** me! my dear Sir Charles,” said Lady Evergreen, when Sir Charles Placid called to pay his devoirs to his dear Teresa, a day or two after the noc-

tarnal ramble—"what a splendid affair Lady Rattle had the other evening. Teresa and I were there. Oh, it was the most delightful squeeze imaginable! And I am sure the town itself could not have produced a more fashionable assembly. Where was you, Sir Charles?"

"Aye, where was you, you uncivilized savage?" cried the blushing Teresa,—
"Ah, Sir Charles, you are not such as you used to be. I remember the time when you would have been down upon your knees for a whole afternoon begging of me to allow you the supreme felicity to escort me to such a fête. But now, I never once set eyes upon you from the time I heard of it till it has been given and forgot."

"Really, my dear Teresa," replied Sir Charles, "it was no-intentional neg-

lect of mine. I swear by the sun and moon and all the stars, that my heart was with you at the fête. Indeed, 'tis true !”

“ Then where was that monstrous body of your's,” exclaimed Teresa : “ I see you are manufacturing an excuse ; but don't make any attempt to justify yourself, for indeed it is of no use in the world. I won't listen to you. I won't be deceived by you. You can say nothing in the world to do yourself any good. Did not I see you there, now ? You know I did, so don't attempt to deny it.”

Poor Sir Charles was thunderstruck at this direct assertion that he was present at the fête. It is true he had been frequently accustomed to the raillery of Miss Evergreen, and felt much inclined to laugh it off, as he had been in the habit of doing on other occasions ; but the mo-

ment he had formed such a resolution, the remembrance that he was indeed present, stepped in and immediately disarmed him. He looked seriously in her face, to endeavour to read there whether the charge was made against him in good earnest or not; but the effort, instead of giving him any clue to her sentiments, only increased his own confusion of countenance, and excited in him an apprehension that he might betray his own. "Me! me there, my dear Teresa!" stammered he, at last. "Lord bless me, how ridiculous! Why how in the world could such an absurd idea cross your brain? Now I know, my dear girl, you are only quizzing me. You can't be serious!"

Fixing her eyes upon Sir Charles, although determined to read his soul, Miss Evergreen replied, laying a more than

common emphasis upon every word as she spoke it, "Now, my good Sir Charles, tell me honestly, without a blush or a stammer, or any equivocation whatever, did not I see you there myself, gallanting Lady Windem up and down the rooms?"

Had Teresa omitted the last part of her interrogatory, she had certainly fixed Sir Charles in a dilemma, from which all his practical knowledge of fashionable assurance would have been insufficient to have rescued him. But the moment she began to talk about his gallanting a lady, his eyes recovered their lustre, his cheeks their accustomed colour, his heart its usual rate of palpitation, his brain its clearness, and his tongue its utterance. It was a reprieve to a man on the point of execution:—a rope to a drowning mariner—it snatched him from the mali-

cious gripe of the blue devils, just as they were on the point of making a meal of his mental economy. Laying his hand upon his heart, with all the confidence of undiscovered and secure guilt, Sir Charles replied, "I will answer you as you desire; and then I hope I shall be acquitted, in your opinion, of this serious charge.— Upon my word and honor, you did' not."

"Very well, then; so far so good;" replied Miss Evergreen, "I abandon that part of the charge; but you have not yet replied to the other part. Since you did not attend any other lady there, pray, Sir Charles, how came you to take it into your head to shut yourself up in your lodgings, on purpose that you should not have the trouble of acting as my escort to this most magnificent fête?"

"Upon my honor, my dear Teresa,"

returned Sir Charles, "I did not shut myself up in my lodgings to avoid that which would have been the greatest pleasure to me in life: and I do assure you, I should not have failed to attend you, had not my presence been specially commanded at the Pavilion, upon an affair of the utmost importance. Why, would you believe it, my dear Teresa? for half-a-dozen hours I was *tête-à-tête* with Prince Gregory, and slept at the Pavilion that night? Yes, yes! many a great one would have envied me the honor, had they known it."

As soon as Sir Charles began to talk of his engagement at the Pavilion, Lady Evergreen and Teresa, as it were mechanically drew their chairs nearer to him on each side: such is the magnetic influence of greatness, which not only possesses in itself the power of attraction, but im-

parts a similar power to the objects which come in collision with it. Lady Evergreen first found her tongue. "And so, Sir Charles, and you have been at the Pavilion, have you? I hope you have not paid a visit any where else since. Well, this is so kind of you to come to tell us the news! Well, now do you know I told Teresa that I was sure matters of state importance had compelled you to neglect her? Dear me! well, and I have heard such strange stories! Why, there's going to be a play acted at the Pavilion! I dare say it will be very grand; and I suppose you are to perform one of the principal characters? And there is to be a splendid masquerade—Teresa and I have got tickets.—Come, tell us the news!"

"Aye, tell us all the news, Sir Charles," said Teresa. "What are the names of

the company there? How are they dressed? What are the dashing colours? Are long stays or short ones most worn? How was the hair dressed? Come now, I know you used to go to the milliner's in Bond-street, and I dare say you picked up knowledge enough to be able to describe all these things pretty well."

"Why, as to the names of the company, my dear Teresa," resumed Sir Charles, "I can easily tell you of all I saw; for they were only the prince himself and General Tunbelly. And so, having negatived the first of the series, the rest must of course be rejected, *nem con.* Why, my dear girl, I tell you I went upon state business, and of course not to look at stays, shapes, colours, &c."

Poor Teresa turned away quite disappointed at the ignorance of Sir Charles

upon such important subjects. But Lady Evergreen, on the contrary, all agog for any thing in the shape of news, persevered in her attack with the utmost coolness and determination. "To be sure, it was state business," said she, "and it is not fit that giddy young girls like you should be put in possession of secrets of such great importance. But a woman of my age and discretion may be safely trusted. Pray don't you think so, my dear Sir Charles?"

"Certainly, my lady," replied the baronet, "and I would immediately give you a proof that I think so, but that it is out of my power; for I really know no secrets to impart to you."

"Indeed!" quoth her ladyship, in a tone which sufficiently spoke her disappointment. "Then you really have not

been settling who is to have the throne of France? Or whether there is to be a new war? Or whether any new taxes are to be imposed? Why what a monstrous bore you are, Sir Charles, to go into such high company and not to pick up any news! Why if I had been in your shoes, I would have carried away gossip enough to have supplied the whole town for six months to come, Oh! how I should have shone at all my parties after!"

"Then, my lady, you would have made a bad confidential adviser," returned the baronet; "for it is absolutely necessary that a courtier should have his faculties under such complete controul, as never to hear any thing which might militate against his own interests, or to speak that which does not further his own views. But as to this masquerade, in truth, I know nothing about it. A syllable on two

I have heard on the subject of the play ; but even on that point, I am persuaded your ladyship can give me a great deal more information than you can receive from me. I am not consulted on such trifling occasions."

"Well, Sir Charles, that may be very true," replied Lady Evergreen, "and I have no objection to be a little communicative ; that is to say, as far as my own information extends. I'll tell you all I know about it. A whole range of apartments is to be thrown into one. The stage is to be the handsomest you can imagine. Designers and workmen of every description are sent for from town. The best scene-painters in the kingdom are engaged to finish some prodigiously fine scenery by Monday next. There is to be a complete range of boxes for the nobility ; a pit for the commoners ; and

a gallery for tradesmen, servants out of livery, and so forth. As to the orchestra, it will be such as to amaze us all. I have not heard the name of the play; that is at present only known to a few select favourites; but it was whispered to me by Lady Chatter, that Romeo and Juliet was resolved on. If so I am sure we shall have a grand treat; for his royal highness himself will perform the part of Romeo to the Countess Conway's Juliet."

An immoderate burst of laughter from the tickled baronet interrupted her ladyship at this instant, followed, as soon as he could recover himself, by an exclamation, which, in her ladyship's opinion, had no kind of relevancy to the subject. "Well now, my dear Lady Evergreen, that is an excellent joke! You have the most astonishing flow of spirits I ever

knew. Prince Gregory's Romeo! Lady Conway's Juliet! ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes! Prince Gregory's Romeo and Lady Conway's Juliet," echoed her ladyship, in a tone which spoke as much surprise as anger. "And pray, Sir Charles, what was there in that to make you laugh? As to the prince, was not he always reckoned the most handsome and accomplished gentleman in the world? And if he is a little older than Romeo was supposed to be, why a little enamel and a trifling waste of trouble and time would give his royal highness an air and appearance sufficiently juvenile. And Lady Conway's Juliet too; why bless me, Sir Charles, you are growing very ungallant! Her ladyship is not a bit older than I am; and as to size, if there be any difference at all, I have the advantage. Indeed, I have been often told that I am

two or three inches larger round the waist than her ladyship."

Sir Charles found that he had touched upon the wrong chord; he hastened therefore to repair the mischief he had done, with all possible expedition. "Nay, your ladyship is quite severe upon me: I protest you would make an inimitable Juliet, and emperors would be proud of the honor of being your Romeo. But, dear me, the Countess Conway can have no pretensions to an equality with you."

"Well, positively, Sir Charles," cried Lady Evergreen, "you are such an arrant flatterer.—Well, well, you have a taste, and of course have a right to form an opinion of your own. The masquerade, I understand too, will be quite superb. And as I am informed it will take place the day after to-morrow, there is no great deal

"It little to waste in preparation—You will be of our party, Sir Charles; and what groupe of characters do you think will suit us best? As there will be several ladies who have arranged to be with us, I had an idea that we might personate the Muses and the Graces."

Teresa looked at Sir Charles and smiled, for she naturally supposed that he would be ready with some pointed remark upon the conceit of her mother. The baronet, however, deceived, and perhaps disappointed the young lady; for, without any change of countenance, which would create a suspicion that he spoke differently from what he thought, Sir Charles exclaimed, "Bravo! admirable! I never heard of a more charming scheme! If you can but match them in number, I am sure some of your party will eclipse the originals themselves!"

"Well, I am glad you approve of my intention, Sir Charles," cried her ladyship, "for you have really a most exquisite taste in these things, Bless me, why 'tis four o'clock ! and precisely at that hour we were to have been at Lady Rattle's—Dear me, we shall be quite late ! My dear Sir Charles, shall we set you down on the road ? We can talk the matter over as we go along."

Sir Charles acceded to the wish of her ladyship, and in a short time afterwards, the carriage having stood at the door sufficiently long for the purpose of ostentation, the baronet handed her ladyship into the vehicle, and the whole trio were soon on the road, beguiling the way with a discussion, in which each of the party was most familiarly at home.

The masquerade to which Lady Ever-

en had alluded, was planned by Lady Arlotte, the daughter of Prince Grey, as a means of amusing her father, during the interval which must necessarily be taken up with the study of the different parts, which were to be performed in the amateur theatricals. Although the prospect of a play mightily tickled the fancy of the prince at the moment when the impression was new upon his mind, the novelty of the idea was no sooner worn off, than his daughter perceived that the requisite attention to the study of the part he had undertaken, occupied but a very small portion of his time, and left him too much leisure for thought ; which she particularly wished him to avoid, until the temper of his disposition should be somewhat more consonant to her views and wishes. Filling up his whole time, she could only expect to find a remedy for those frequent fits of melancholy abstraction, into which

he had latterly so much fallen ; and as the masquerade was a favorite amusement of her father, it naturally enough suggested itself to her, that the bustle and preparation necessary for such a motley exhibition, would have a manifest tendency to promote the object she had in view.

The idea was no sooner started to the prince, than he was in complete raptures. All his principal advisers, who were on the spot, were immediately consulted as to the character in which it would be most fitting for his royal highness to appear on the occasion. "For my own part," quoth the prince, "I think were I to play over again in jest the part which I so lately performed in earnest, and, an Eastern monarch in disguise, wander amongst the company, and lay traps to catch opinions, it might produce much more pleasure than the last trip of the kind did."

Stewart strongly opposed the idea; "for," said the courtier, "as your royal highness must, in that case, dispossess yourself of all those exterior splendors of garb which display your great character to every one, great numbers might in truth, and some wilfully, mistake your person, and deal with you in a manner which could neither be sanctioned by prudence or decorum."

"True, Stewart," replied the prince; "but in that case I should have my proper attendants; my principal vizier, and my chief of eunuchs: the office of both of whom it would be to step in between in suit and me, and to give to any unprovoked atrocity of conduct the instant punishment which it might deserve. What do you say to that, Stewart?"

"But another objection, your royal

highness," answered the courtier, "is that such a character would prevent your royal highness appearing with that magnificence which is the soul of a masquerade. Suppose, Sir, you were to take the character of the Oriental monarch and sink the disguise altogether? That seems to me a much more feasible plan."

"Suppose me no supposes," cried the prince angrily; "you want to stretch your tyranny over me, even to the minutest of my amusements. I tell you I will be disguised, and then I shall hear what I can never pick up in my real character a few salutary truths. Dispose of yourselves as you please, and leave me to my own discretion, or fastidiousness if you so call it."

The courtier made no farther reply on the subject. The brief check which he

had received from his illustrious master completely overthrew the equipoise of his spirits. He dwindled like a flower beneath an unwholesome atmosphere, hung his head, scarcely spoke a word during the remainder of his stay, and very speedily took his leave and his departure.

In the mean time, the preparations for this masquerade monopolized the whole time and attention of Lady Charlotte, who had undertaken in person to superintend the arrangements. The suite of apartments which were intended for the performance of the play were, in the first instance, to be appropriated to this entertainment, which was to be arranged on a scale of splendor becoming the illustrious character under whose immediate patronage it was to be given. Numberless tickets were issued to every person of dis-

unction in the town ; and as the hour drew near, the anxiety of the prince manifested itself in a thousand extravagances of manner and conversation, which sufficiently shewed the influence pleasure possessed over his illustrious mind.

The light mind, which is by nature indisposed to the reception of serious reflections, is very easily won from that kind of contemplation which is productive of care and despondency. The prince was entirely engrossed with the masquerade; and Stewart, who felt it to be his interest to use all his exertions and his ingenuity to divert his master from that attention to public affairs, which might probably have been productive of a diminution of confidence or favor towards himself, was always close at his elbow, suggesting some new caprice which should tend completely to fix the prince.

Sir Charles Placid was again sent for ; for so well had he acquitted himself during his late expedition with his royal highness, that the prince determined he should become the Gisfar of the fantastic scene, and he constantly at his heels to participate with him in the minor adventures of this second exploit. The Messenger of the night was a young nobleman of the court, whom his royal highness had for some time past, for services which the father of the youth had rendered him, wished to distinguish with more than ordinary marks of his regard.

The command of the prince reached Sir Charles Placid about an hour after the baronet had left Lady Evergreen and her daughter, with whom he had just formed an engagement to shine at the masquerade, at the head of the groupe of Muses, in the character of Apollo. Such a cha-

racter as this was chosen merely with a view to effect, it being considered that the appearance of the Muses without an Apollo would be that of a troop without a commander. As to music or poetry, Sir Charles knew about as much of both as of the arrangement of the starry tiara on the forehead of Night; and, sooth to say, he did not know a planet from a star. He had, indeed, agreed to be the bearer of a lyre, since without such a symbol, he would have been as like any body else as Apollo: but had he been required to give a specimen of his abilities, and to have pleased some Midas of the company, by contesting the palm of music with some representative of Pan, in all probability he would have come off with much less *eclat* than did the original, by whose appearance he sought to model his own.

Lady Evergreen and Teresa had both

declared, that the success of their scheme of amusement was so entirely dependent upon Sir Charles, that if he did not consent to become the Apollo of the night, they must, perforce, abandon their design altogether. If the baronet had, therefore, been indisposed to their request, they had thus managed to hamper him in a dilemma, from which he could not extricate himself; but being, in fact, well disposed to it, he was without even an appearance of difficulty won to participate in their plans.

It may easily be conceived under these circumstances, that the command of the prince, although it was extremely flattering to his pride, and cheering to his hopes of ambition, was not exactly in unison with his inclination at the moment. In fact, the first impulse of his mind urged him to refuse a compliance. Since Lady Evergreen and Teresa had thought so much

and talked so much about his neglect of them, on the occasion of Lady Rattle's party, and had required his attendance at the masquerade as a sort of recompence for the former neglect, he was utterly at a loss to conceive in what view of criminality they would regard a second offence: probably it might lead to the utter defeat of those dear hopes which he had now cherished for some time, and which were very nearly as dear to him as his projects of ambition,—the hopes of grafting this lovely young Evergreen on the family-stock of the Placids.

The intemperance of passion, however, was, after a very short struggle, suspended by the cooler and better dictates of prudence. It might be a serious matter to offend the prince. Teresa might be pacified by a communication of the whole truth; but his royal highness, it was more

than probable, would not condescend to hear an explanation of any motive which clashed with his own, or any project which had a tendency to interfere with arrangements of his own. Of the two evils before him, Sir Charles was of opinion that the evil of running a slight risk of offending Teresa was the least; and policy soon got the better of love, and determined the baronet not to let the whim of a girl, though he did love her, stand in the way of his promotion.

As soon as he had formed this resolution, Sir Charles posted away once more to Lady Evergreen, not only to state the impossibility of his attendance in the character, but to suggest the substitution of a friend, whose name had just suggested itself to his recollection, and who was, in all respects, better qualified to support the representative of the musical god, than

himself ; since he was a complete connoisseur of that bewitching art, and was universally esteemed an exquisite performer on one or two stringed instruments, and as beautiful a tenor voice as any professional singer of the day.

Sir Charles trusted much more for the excuse to Lady Evergreen and Teresa, to the nomination of such an effective substitute, than to the apology he went to make. He found Lady Evergreen and her fair daughter at home, and not a little surprised and pleased were they to have so early a repetition of the baronet's visit. They had returned from Lady Rattle's sooner than they had anticipated, her ladyship being from home ; and the disappointment they had thus experienced, both of them concluded, but more particularly poor Teresa, would be amply recompensed to them by the quick return of the baronet.

This incipient feeling of pleasure, however, was too quickly destined to be dissipated; for Sir Charles, probably considering that the sooner an evil is met, the sooner it will be passed, came directly to the subject of his return.—“Would you believe it, my dear Teresa, and you, my dear Lady Evergreen, I am suddenly prevented from attending you to the masquerade? It is most unfortunate, indeed!”

Teresa turned pale with anger and disappointment, but said not a word. Lady Evergreen, however, was not disposed to bear the disappointment so coolly and silently.—“Unfortunate!” echoed her ladyship; “it is designed—premeditated! It is all a trick to insult us!—I have seen it for some time, Sir Charles Placid!—I have seen that you wished to relax in your attentions! Pray do not baulk your wishes! I am sure we can soon find a gentleman

who will be less remiss than you are.— And as to my poor Teresa, she has beauty, youth, and is come of an excellent family, and will not want followers !”

“ Pray, my dear Lady Evergreen, be reasonable with me,” replied Sir Charles, who was most terribly agitated at this overwhelming style of reply. “ I don’t mean that you should go alone ; I have found another Apollo.”

“ Oh, Sir Charles, you are vastly polite, vastly polite indeed !” interrupted Lady Evergreen, swelling with passion : “ but, my good baronet, we shall be at no loss to find an Apollo of our own, without being under the necessity of adopting your recommendation. ‘ When you pay court to another lady, I hope you will first of all make up your own mind to act honourably ; for, I do assure you, you have wandered

out of that way now very egregiously.— Another Apollo! In good truth, Sir Charles, we ought to be very much indebted to you for your offer, so generously made, to cater for our taste. Come along, Teresa.”

So saying, Lady Evergreen took her daughter by the hand, who stood pale with disappointment and mortification, and, dropping a very distant curtsey to Sir Charles, led her out of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr Charles in a dilemma.—The perplexity of his thoughts.—A sudden idea extricates him, at least with satisfaction to himself, if not to any other person.—The baronet's visit to the Pavilion.—The interview.—Terror awakened, but prevented from betraying itself by a sudden and fortunate incident. The rehearsal, and the incidents to which it gave birth.—The imminence of peril, and the narrow escape.

SIR Charles was so completely overwhelmed by the abruptness and determination of Lady Evergreen's manner, that he was deprived of every power, either of speech or action, to prevent her leaving the room; and, for two or three minutes

after he was left alone, he stood like one bereft of all sense or motion, and without the power of collecting a single idea which might light him out of the labyrinth into which he was plunged. He had calculated upon a little disturbance; but, at the same time, had concluded in his own mind that its duration would be only momentary, and that he had within his own reach the power of bringing about immediate reconciliation. He had expected a few loud reproaches from Teresa; and accordingly provided himself with a considerable store of pretexts and excuses, which would have been amply sufficient, as he conceived, to reduce her immediately to a silent acquiescence in his new intentions. But to be reproached by her only with a look and a tear, and then to be left by himself to tell his excuses to the empty air, it was much more than his philosophy could endure, and almost more than his manliness could stand up against.

As soon as he began to recover a little from the torpor of the moment, he threw himself into an elbow chair, which stood by the table, and gave a loose to his feelings in a long train of invectives against the prince and himself: against the prince, because he allowed himself to be subject to such continual fastidiousnesses of disposition, and had lately taken it into his illustrious head to select him from amongst a crowded court of aspiring youths, to act as the constant instrument in carrying them into execution.—Against himself, because he submitted so tamely to the caprices of a prince, whom yet he dared not to disobey. He consoled himself, however, with the idea, that if this were a fault, he might easily shuffle the responsibility of it off his own shoulders, and throw it upon those of nature and of education, which had combined together to make him such.

The question, however, at this moment, was not how he became such, but in what manner he might effect his escape from the awkward dilemma into which his defectiveness, or his rashness, or whatever else it might be, had brought him.—The ladies, by their precipitate retreat, had completely debarred him from every advantage of oral intercourse, or else he had a sufficiently high opinion of himself to believe that he could soon have extricated himself with considerable *eclat*.—At this moment his eye glanced upon an inkstand and some paper which lay before him. Providence placed them there, thought the enraptured baronet, and directed my eyes towards them; and, by the blessing of Providence, I will immediately avail myself of them: for, surely, if I have intellect enough to get out of a scrape by word of mouth, I have also enough to do it with the assistance of pen, ink, and paper.

The argument was conclusive: in an instant the baronet was in a writing attitude, but unfortunately an immense difficulty arose as to the mode of commencing his epistle. Should he address it to Lady Evergreen or Teresa? It was in Teresa's feeling towards him that he felt most interested; but it was Lady Evergreen who had made the attack upon him. It might, perhaps, be better to address both. "And so I will," said the baronet to himself, taking up the pen, and immediately beginning a most laboured *billet-doux* to the fair Teresa. Three or four times he commenced and re-commenced, and as often drew his pen through the lines, or tore the paper, and threw it into the fire. This did not display sufficient spirit—that was deficient in affection; this was giving too laboured an explanation and apology—that was treating it too light, or not saying sufficient to make himself intelligible.

Repeated failures produced an irritability of temper; and the moment his equanimity was overthrown, there was a complete stagnation of intellectual exertion.— In vain he tried every art to cool himself, and to bring himself into that mood in which he might please himself by inditing something to the purpose. A happy thought at last struck his brain, which might, in all probability, produce the effect of suspending the anger of the ladies towards him, and, at the same time, give him twenty-four hours more to frame his excuses."

He would merely pen a note, promising to do that in future which he could not do now. There was no difficulty in the accomplishment of this; and, in two or three minutes, the following billet was produced, duly signed and sealed, and deposited on the table :—

"MY DEAREST TERESA,

"Suspend your anger, and be at the masquerade in the character you proposed. Amongst all the Muses, my heart will direct me to the flower of the nine; and if I fail to convince you of the steadiness of my love, and of the impossibility of my keeping my engagement with you, —if I do not make you concur in opinion with me, that I have acted with a view to both our interests, never again call me your

CHARLES PLACID."

The baronet was very well pleased with the laconic epistle which he had, after so much labour, produced; and calling to mind the old adage that brevity is the soul of wit, determined in his own favour, that wit was the soul of his brevity. He was now in a moment restored to the most perfect good humour with himself.

and all the world. He was perfectly confident that this note must be productive of the fullest success; and thus that his ambition and his love would be completely gratified, without running foul of each other.

Away posted Sir Charles direct from the house of Lady Evergreen to the Pavilion. He no longer felt the slightest reluctance to yield implicit obedience to the commands of the prince, whatever might be their purport; for as yet he was in profound ignorance to what they tended. He was however, fully satisfied from the temper of mind to which the nocturnal ramble of his royal highness had reduced him, that he could not again be disposed to enter into any project, which would place them in a situation where they should have to encounter any more dangers; and as he persuaded himself

that danger was out of the way, he cared not a rush what was the nature of the service.

The prince was alone when Sir Charles was introduced; not that his royal highness was much alone, but Tunbelly had but just left him to fetch a bottle of prime Noyeau, which might act as an impulse to good humour as well as good spirits. "Ah, baronet," said his royal highness, holding out his hand, "then danger and the night air have not killed you yet?"

"Oh no, and please your royal highness," replied the pliant baronet, "I am proof against those enemies of the constitution, especially when I am in company with my prince."

"Well, well—you are a good loyal fellow," replied the prince; "I think to

make you the companion of all my exploits. But you must be secret. Can you hold your tongue, Sir Charles?"

"My eyes and ears are shut up under as secure a lock as one of Bramah's patent; and your royal highness shall keep the key of it. For ten times two hundred guineas, I defy any other person to find the way to open it; so that I hope your royal highness will never, from this moment, entertain the shadow of a doubt as to the nature and extent of my unalterable discretion."

"You said that very well, Sir Charles—very well indeed!" answered prince Gregory. "But now tell me what do you think of a scheme so full of danger and difficulty, that the perils and toils of the last are mere child's play to it? And it must be undertaken immediately, and will

require the exercise of all your judgment, prudence, and courage, I assure you, baronet!"

As he said this, the prince regarded Sir Charles with a look of intense curiosity; for he had determined to prove him deeply in order to fathom his courage, which appeared to him to be very shallow; and it was extremely well for the baronet, that at this critical juncture the entrance of Tunbelly, with a couple of bottles of cordials, diverted his royal highness from that close inspection of the phiz of Sir Charles, which he meditated; for his countenance was at that instant tinged with all the different shades of disappointment, anguish, and despair.

A malignant star seemed to hover over Sir Charles on this eventful day, poisoning with its baleful influence, all the properties

of his better fortune. It was a day of most manifest ill luck; and Sir Charles found himself put to it most closely to stand up against all the phalanx of troubles which seemed to be arrayed against him. After bringing his mind, as he had done, to the comfortable conclusion that his royal master was as sick of danger as he himself was, and that consequently the new service for which he was required, was one which would not be marked with any peculiar unpleasantness, to be told in a moment of dangers and difficulties, to which those which had already almost deprived him of his senses were mere shadows, cut him to the quick, and made even his ambition stagger. Although, as before was stated, he had entertained no idea of the precise service on which he was to be employed, it had been intimated to him, that it was something connected with the masquerade, at which his pre-

sence would be required ; and it was upon the strength of this communication that he had written the note to Teresa, in which he had pledged himself to meet her at that motley representation, and on the strength of which, he calculated upon that reconciliation which he felt to be necessary to his own future peace of mind.

The prince's discourse however, it was evident, could have no reference to masquerade scenes; the perils and difficulties of which were nothing more than the spawn of fancy ; so that he was likely not only to have some terrible circumstances to encounter, which had never once crossed his imagination, but to run the risk of finding no opportunity of whispering his vows in the ears of his Teresa, which might be the greatest of all possible mischiefs he could meet with ; for he had no question that Lady Evergreen would ag-

gravate the faults which she attributed to him, and blazon them abroad, unless he made his peace.

With these terrible impressions upon his mind, it may be naturally enough supposed that his countenance did not display that calmness which would invite investigation. Quite the contrary: a very superficial glance would have been sufficient to assure even the prince, who was by no means a close observer of human nature, that he was not very vigorous at heart; but that the hint he had just received of perils and dangers which he might have to encounter, had struck to the core of his courage, and given him a shake of a most tremendous description, which he would not easily recover.

Tunbelly and the Noyeau, therefore, were the best friends which Sir Charles

could have met with in this crisis; for doubtless had the prince discovered the agitation portrayed in his countenance, he would have considered him hereafter as much less unworthy of his confidence and friendship, than he even thought or professed to think. But before his royal highness had recovered his attention from the General, who exclaimed upon entering, "Gad so, your royal highness! here are two bottles of the prime pink liquor!" The perturbed phiz of Sir Charles had regained a comparative degree of composure, and shewed no other symptoms of agitation than such as might be reasonably attributed to the sudden influence of surprise.

"Well, well," said the prince "fill the baronet a glass, for I have just given him a terrible dose, which requires a powerful and immediate antidote, or I fear he will

never utter another word." Then addressing himself to Sir Charles, he continued, "Ah, my good baronet, I was only jesting with you—I did it to try the depth of your courage! But, bless my soul! How very pale you look!"

The speech, much more than the No-yeau, dissipated the terror of Sir Charles, and he was himself again in a moment. "Pale! pale! your royal highness!" he echoed. "Oh dear no—not particularly pale! Only the effects of raking. Why should I look pale, great sir? I never felt more energy nor composure than at this moment. To whatever service your royal highness designs me, I stand committed both by my duty and my inclination. You have only to name it, my prince; and were it to fetch a tiger's skin from an Indian jungle, I am ready to do it."

“And Hercules himself would not have done more,” said the prince; “but, as I don’t want a tyger’s skin from an Indian jungle, and as I have no wish to make waste of your superfluous courage, but to keep it in reserve, in case there should be some day a necessity for it, all I at present want of you, is to personate Giafar at the masquerade, while I represent the Caliph in disguise.”

This explanation was a complete restorative to Sir Charles, who, from the most miserable devil in the world, was in a moment transformed to one of the happiest of men. “We will rehearse,” said the prince:—“we can’t be too perfect in our parts. Fetch the dresses, Tunbelly, and fetch Mesrour.” The General obeyed, and in a few minutes the dresses were introduced; and, by the time the prince and Sir Charles were equipped in their dif-

ferent costumes, the young gentleman who was to personate the chief of the eunuchs, arrived, and was introduced to Sir Charles as Lord Baron.

But where was the rehearsal to be? A little difficulty arose on this subject. It was useless to parade the room before Tunbelly; for the most they could make of him was, a good mark upon which Mesrour might try the texture of his bull's pizzle. It was determined, therefore, to sally through the grounds which surrounded the Pavilion, just by way of an excursion.

The project was immediately followed by the execution; and forth went the mock Caliph, supported on each side by Giafar and Mesrour. It was about the time of the day when the sun was just dipping behind the rim of the horizon;

and a brief walk, if interrupted by no unpleasant occurrence, would give them an appetite for dinner.

Now, whether it may be called a kindness of fortune or a cruelty, it may be somewhat difficult to define ; but, after the trio had nearly completed the round, with no better success than as though they had paraded the room before Tunbelly, that is, without meeting with an adventure of any sort, kind, or description whatever, propitious or unpropitious fate (let the reader determine which) crossed the way of the wanderers with a foreign buffalo, which the prince had recently gained as a present from a gentleman just arrived from South America. It was a barbarous beast ; wild and independent as when an inhabitant of his native woods ; and not being an English-born subject, but an alien both by birth and education, he was total-

ly ignorant of the advantages of a limited monarchy, and the respect due to a British prince.

At the first appearance of the stranger, our perambulators felt no dread ; for the prince doubtless supposed he had been long enough a breather of English air, to be loyal and subordinate. But in a very few moments the buffalo gave evident proofs that he had imbibed some of those vulgar animosities to the prince, which were at this moment so prevalent through the country ; for, advancing in a menacing attitude as though he was sovereign of the grounds, instead of Prince Gregory, he disputed the passage of the Caliph and his companions, seeming to say, as Canute did to the waters of the ocean, though with much more effect, because he spoke to enlightened beings, " Hitherto shall ye come, and no further."

It was evident, from the positive manner of the beast, that any attempt at negotiation would be utterly useless; the Caliph, therefore, immediately arranged the order for retreat. He accordingly directed his companions to alter their positions; and, placing Mesrour in the front, himself in the centre, and poor Giasfar to bring up the rear, he directed a movement to be made in quick time from the enemy, by rather a circuitous route, which, leaving the buffalo behind them, would lead them in the space of a few minutes to the Pavilion.

All this was done strictly according to the rules of tactics; and General Moreau's famous retreat was not more ably arranged. Like all skilful commanders, the Caliph placed himself in a hollow square,—at least as perfect a square as he could form. Mesrour, who was a raw

recruit, and had never been in service before, was placed most remote from danger, while the post of honor was assigned to Giafar, who was stationed between the Caliph and the buffalo, to preserve the former, and to repel the attacks of the seditious beast.

Now this situation, which, in the opinion of many, would have been considered a post of the highest distinction, was to poor Giafar one of uncommon annoyance, since it exposed him to dangers on which he had not calculated, and which he would have given his ears to avoid. The buffalo, however, without studying the feelings of Giafar at all, or pursuing any methodical system of attack, marched forward, quickening his pace as his adversaries (for as such he treated them) expedited theirs, and keeping the vizier in a constant state of apprehension.

This suspense, however, was only of a few minutes' duration ; it was very speedily changed into a most terrible certainty ; for, with a roar which shook the whole of the trio to the soul, he gradually came to a gallop, tossing his head about in a menacing manner, and threatening them all with the worst consequences.

Giafar had no leisure to think of praying, for fear had utterly suspended all his mental faculties : the Caliph was engaged in cursing that jilt fortune, who thought she had done enough for him in endowing him with the rank and name of a prince, without patronizing any of his further matters, or attending to his progress through life ; while Mesrour, who was not a whit more bold than his companions, and had never before been in danger, put up a sort of defensory prayer to Heaven, and resigned himself to fate.

The trio moved on at a rapid rate; but unfortunately, as Giafar made a sudden turn to alarm the buffalo, his foot struck against a stone, and he fell, leaving the Caliph exposed to the full fury of the beast, who appeared to be doubly exasperated against the party the moment they began to run from him; Giafar roared with all his might, and Mesrour seconded him most bravely; but the Caliph, too dignified to make a noise, remained perfectly silent, while the big drops of fear ran down his face, and the palpitations of his heart increased in a prodigious degree. The noise was fortunately heard by a soldier who was accidentally coming out of the gate of the Pavilion; and he immediately spread the alarm, and in a few minutes a body of troops were seen in full march towards the scene of action.

The buffalo, in the mean time, scorning to insult a fallen foe, stepped over Giafar, who held his breath: recollecting the fable of the man and the bear, in the hope that the animal, supposing him dead, might pass over him without taking the trouble to inflict any wound on his carcase. The scheme answered his purpose, and the poor vizier had soon the happiness, in lifting up his eyes, to perceive that the buffalo had passed him without causing him any corporeal injury.

The Caliph moved with accelerated speed, but the buffalo appeared likely to be the master of the race, and the royal man was in the most imminent danger of being perforated by the horns of the enraged animal, when the glitter of the bayonets, which were by this time within a few yards of the place, attracted his attention from the Caliph, and thus gave

the latter an opportunity of forming a more secure square than the one he had formed originally.

The buffalo was soon compelled to retreat before his multiplied enemies ; Ginfar was rescued from his situation of danger, more dead than alive ; and the trio brought back to the Pavilion in triumph.

CHAPTER X.

The sequel of the adventure ; that is, the return of the wanderers, and the effect produced on Tunbelly by the odd appearance of Giafar — A new persecution for Sir Charles, who is persuaded into a belief that he is seriously ill. Tunbelly puts him to bed. The doctor, lawyer and parson. — Medical doses for a hale man. Sir Charles becomes suspicious and restive — Frightens away the doctor and lawyer, and kicks the parson's breech—He becomes reasonable at the sight of the prince, who persuades him that he is well, rescues him from confinement, and over a good dinner, reconciles him to all his professional attendants.

It was not without a great deal of difficulty that Tunbelly could restrain himself from an immoderate fit of laughter, on perceiving the mock Caliph and his two com-

panions when they returned to the Pavilion, under the escort of a party of soldiers. But if the very appearance of them excited such a powerful inclination to mirth, the lamentations of poor Giafar, who complained that he had received some internal shock, which, for ought he knew, might stick to him through life, completely overthrew the General's philosophy, and set him off into a complete roar of laughter.

The prince, although at first inclined to be angry at the ill-timed humour of Tunbelly, could not prevent a considerable relaxation of the features of his own countenance, as he glanced the long faces both of his Giafar and Mesrour; for the latter, although he had met with no mishap which could afford him the slightest pretext for asserting that he was injured, was in as doleful dumps as his less-fortunate companion, and betrayed evident

symptoms in his agitated phiz, of discontent the most gloomy, and a most determined surfeit of the danger he had taste

"Now," said the prince, after trying for a few moments to compose himself in something like a solidity of disposition "by all my hopes of happiness, I think the devil is always at the heels of the and me, Sir Charles, driving us perpetually into some cursed scrape or other. planned a most excellent expedition in search of truth. Could there be a more laudable motive? Yet the fiend drove me into company where I met with nothing but insults; was compelled to associate with drunken fishermen; and he of all was seized for a revenue officer, and put in danger of my life by a set of Russian smugglers. And now, when I sought nothing more than a walk round my own grounds, just by way of astonishing

keeper, or any other person I might chance to meet in my road, a traitor of a buffalo must make head against the Lord's anointed, and force me to a most shameful and precipitate retreat, at the imminent risk of momentary destruction."

"Why indeed, to say truth, your royal highness," sighed Sir Charles, wiping away the perspiration with which apprehension had moistened his forehead, "neither man nor beast seems to entertain a proper respect for your royal highness's rank. And as to me, I appear to be singled out particularly for misfortune to spit at; and it is God's mercy if I ever recover from this last affair. Does not your royal highness see a great alteration in my countenance? I find no blood upon my clothes, but I feel as though I had lost an amazing quantity. My nerves are shaken to pieces!"

"Give him some Noyeau," cried the prince; "that is my sovereign remedy for all disorders, external and internal. Give him some Noyeau, and put him to bed. And prithee, Tunbelly, send for a lawyer directly, and let him make his will; for by all the saints in the calendar, Hippocrates and Galen are two arrant liars, the broken-hearted baronet does not breakfast with his fathers to-morrow morning.

Poor Sir Charles, whose disposition was naturally hypochondriacal, was so seriously alarmed at these, as he conceived them to be, serious apprehensions of the prince that in imagination he felt himself afflicted at this moment with more diseases than can be found in the London Pharmacopœia; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be kept from fainting under the excess of his terrors.

"Put him to bed," whispered the prince to Tunbelly, "and do as I tell you. We will keep up the farce a little while; it will be a just punishment upon him for his excessive cowardice; for, by heaven! he is the most spiritless fellow I ever met with!" As it required very little trouble to persuade Sir Charles that rest was absolutely the only means of saving his life, Tunbelly easily prevailed upon him to allow himself to be conducted to a chamber, and put to bed, where he was left to his own reflections, while Tunbelly went out to give orders that some warm possets should be prepared for him.

When Sir Charles found himself alone, with all the composure he could command, he began to reflect upon his present situation. However sane his body may have been, his mind was most completely disordered; and few will be dis-

posed to deny that a diseased mind will very soon determine disease to the body. The first impulse of the baronet's solitary thoughts, was to accuse himself of the most egregious folly in suffering himself to be made the instrument of Prince Gregory's fastidiousness. Had he eluded the first honor conferred upon him, in all probability he had been in his usual state of health and comfort ; while the consequences of his courtly compliance was too evident in his present situation of extreme jeopardy ; for such was the state he was convinced he was in.

The image of death then came before him. It was not merely the parting with life which terrified the poor baronet, but the surrendering of all life's enjoyments, —the yielding up of his hopes and projects of ambition—of all the pleasures of eating and drinking, and convivial society ;

and last, but not least of all, the abandonment of the expectation of happiness with Teresa.

"I will send for her," cried the baronet, raising himself up in bed, and then looking round him with a degree of blended astonishment and consternation at the extraordinary effort he had made, and the success which had attended it. "I did not think I was so strong," ejaculated he in a half-whisper, as if he was afraid the sound of his own voice would unstring his nerves; "yet I am sure I am ill. The prince and Tunbelly both saw it, and were both terribly alarmed for me. Oh, yes, that d——d buffalo! I feel I am ill! very ill! very ill indeed!" And then, imagining a weakness he did not feel, the poor baronet fell backwards on his pillow, and lapsed into a complete indolence of mind, which many might miscall a swoon.

Thus was Sir Charles situated, when the General returned, bringing with him Doctor Cathartic, who had previously received his lesson from the prince, and the pressure of whose fingers, as he felt the pulse of his patient, recalled the baronet to his recollection, and induced him to fix a glance of enquiring terror upon the countenance of the son of Esculapius.

“Melancholy thing, Sir Charles!” exclaimed the doctor, assuming a look, in which it would have been impossible for the most acute observer of human nature to determine what expression predominated; “High state of fever, Sir Charles! you must be blooded! Put out your tongue — miserably foul! You must be thoroughly purged! You are in a state of extreme peril, Sir Charles! You must be blistèred! If you have any worldly business to settle, send for your solicitor immedi-

ately! If any spirituals, send for a clergyman!"

"Oh, lord! oh, lord! oh, lord!" exclaimed Sir Charles, while such a plentiful flood of tears rolled down his cheeks as almost made Tunbely and the doctor repent they had carried the joke so far. They had committed themselves, however, and were obliged to go through with it. "Why, doctor," continued the baronet, after a pause of a minute or two, while he wiped away his tears—"do you know my age? I am not five and twenty; and always complimented on having a good constitution! But what was it good for, doctor, if it's all knocked on the head by one little mishap? I am not surely so near death?"

"Why, as to that, Sir Charles," exclaimed the doctor, "I do not take upon

myself to say you are near death. But when we are well, my dear baronet, life is precarious—very precarious; and when we are ill, Sir Charles, the chances are very much multiplied against us. I don't say you will die: but I think—that is, I have my apprehensions—it is probable—that is, not impossible, that this fever may carry you off; and it is always, in my opinion of my duty, my very first, to give timely notice, in order that my patient may dispatch his worldly matters comfortably."

"You must do as you please with me, doctor," replied Sir Charles, in a weak voice, as though subdued either by disease of body or mental emotion; "I am a most unfortunate man, and was just on the point of being married. But if you let me blood, doctor, be moderate as to

quantity, for indeed I do not feel much superfluous strength!—No, I am sure I can't bear much!"

At this moment Mr. Fi Fa, the lawyer, entered, with a roll of paper in his hand, and a pen and ink, to take instructions for the baronet's will; but the moment Sir Charles set his eyes upon him, with a much stronger voice than before, he vociferated, "It's all a lie! I will not make my will! Get out of the room, sir! Who the devil sent for you to disturb and harass me?"

"This irritability, Sir Charles," said the doctor, "proceeds from a disordered stomach, which has caused a diseased brain. You must have a straight waistcoat, and a strong emetic."

After staring a few moments at the

doctor, to see if he was in earnest, the persecuted baronet exclaimed in an imploring tone, "My dear doctor, my stomach is in good order, and my head perfectly clear. I will do any thing you direct; and if it is your pleasure that I should have my will made, let Mr. Fi Fa come here and sit down by the bed-side, while I dictate."

The doctor beckoned Mr. Fi Fa, who immediately, after half-a-dozen bows, took his seat, but not without showing some signs of apprehension, close by the head of Sir Charles. "The usual form, Sir Charles, I presume? I'll write the preamble before I annoy you with any questions. There, Sir Charles; and now if you will be kind enough to specify the items, I am ready."

"But first of all let me hear what you

have written," quoth Sir Charles; "I should like to be acquainted with the contents of your preamble. Oh, lord! oh, lord!—that I should come to this!"

The exclamation startled the lawyer a bit; but, on perceiving that it was followed by no violence of action, Mr. Fi Fa recovered his serenity, and began to read as follows:—I, Charles Placid, commonly called Sir Charles Placid, of Brighton, &c. &c. being, at the date of these presents, of sound mind, &c. &c. and then, Sir Charles, comes the usual *imprimis*, I give my body to the worms——"

Sir Charles, who had listened with the utmost patience hitherto, could no longer restrain the impetuosity of his feelings; but, jumping up in the bed, roared out,—
"The Doctor and you are two mercenary rascals, and are only making a job of me!"

But I'll shew you I am not so near dying as you think for ! D—m me, the Doctor shall swallow his own emetic, and you your ink !” The expression was followed by a promptitude and vigour of action, for which neither the doctor nor the lawyer were prepared. In a moment Sir Charles was out of bed ; and had he not met with some impediment to his course in the shape of Tunbelly, who crossed his way, the two pillars of their separate professions had, probably, shared very undignified treatment.

“ Stop a moment, dear baronet,” cried Tunbelly ; “ why what a prodigious fury you are in ! Pray compose yourself, my dear fellow, or you will increase your disorder beyond all bounds.”

By this time, Doctor Cathartic and Mr. Fi Fa had made good their retreat ; and,

whether it was the absence of his enemies, or the remonstrance of Tunbelly, which worked the sudden change, Sir Charles suffered himself to be persuaded into moderation, and was just about to return quietly to bed, when the appearance of Parson Rubrick, with an immense folio Prayer-Book under his arm, (for he had been sent for to administer spiritual consolation, and received his cue from the prince,) once more proved fatal to the baronet's philosophy.

Sir Charles immediately extricated himself from Tunbelly, who had laid hold of his arm to assist him into bed, and marching rapidly towards the door where the minister of consolation stood paralyzed with the singular action of the baronet, accosted the reverend gentleman in an imperative tone of voice, with—"And pray who the devil sent for you, Doctor Sanctity?"

"Alas! poor Sir Charles! His faculties are impaired, and he is gone beyond the reach of consolation!" said Rubrick, clasping his hands as he turned round to leave the room, and seeming to whisper a prayer for Sir Charles.

The angry baronet, irritated almost to real madness at the expression of Rubrick, as the latter turned to leave him, most irreverently lifted up his foot, and applied it to the breech of the minister, who, more than ever convinced of the disease of the baronet, and fearful lest consequences of a still more serious complexion should ensue, uttered a loud exclamation of terror, and made the best of his way down stairs.

The cry of Rubrick reached the ears of Prince Gregory himself; who, with a phiz prepared with sorrow, was at that moment coming to the apartment which was the

scene of these multiplied outrages, in order to sympathize with Sir Charles; and, immediately afterwards, before his royal highness could satisfy himself of its cause, he encountered the insulted minister, out of breath with anger and fear.

"What now, Rubrick?" asked the prince, laying hold upon the frightened parson by the arm, to check his career,—
"what the devil has occurred to throw you into such a panic, and to send you back again in this precious hurry? Why, I had calculated upon surprising you and the baronet in the midst of some pious exclamation, or some other holy service, as you were fitting him for death!"

"May heaven prolong the days of your royal highness," stammered Rubrick, looking behind him at every word to see if Sir Charles was following him; "but, as

a loyal subject, let me entreat of your royal highness not to go near the baronet's room. For the love of heaven, my prince have more regard for your own personal safety; for the baronet will surely serve you as he has served me."

"What should I be afraid of?" interrupted the prince, "I know his affection and loyalty too well to suspect him of any ill design. The very appearance of myself will be a restorative to him."

"Heaven send it may!" returned the clergyman; "for I left him as mad as a March hare—stark, staring, raving mad—foaming at the mouth like a dog in the height of the hydrophobia!"

"Mad!" echoed the prince "What poor Sir Charles mad? No, no Rubrick: I don't believe he held his wits by so very

slight a tenure as you would persuade me. I could as soon believe you to be mad!"

"I pray your highness to walk to his chamber and convince yourself!" answered Rubrick, bowing with all the humility of a man who looked forward to a bishopric. And as he said this he endeavoured to slink away from the prince, but was rivetted to the floor with apprehension, when his royal highness bade him accompany him, adding, "If he be mad, I may want your aid: if not, I shall require your apology!"

The reverend gentleman at this moment, would have given all he possessed to get out of this scrape: the image of Sir Charles pursuing him with a weapon of destruction haunted his imagination, and so much alarmed him, that he anticipated death from every step he heard

There was, however, no possibility of retracting; he therefore bowed obedience, for he had not power to speak, and followed the prince to the room.

However incredulous the prince might have been when Rubrick asserted that Sir Charles was stark mad, the first glance he threw upon the baronet, as he opened the door, staggered his confidence, and made him hesitate whether to advance or retreat. Sir Charles was standing with one foot on the bed, and the other on the floor, with a poker in his right hand. He had nothing on his person but his shirt and a night cap; and his face, which was turned towards the door as his royal highness opened it, was marked with all the strongest symptoms of the most ungovernable fury, his eyes flashing intolerable indignation.

Tunbelly was standing close by the baronet, and was holding him by the arm, at the same time by the imploring expression of his countenance, was evidently attempting to soothe him into composure. "It is the prince who condescends to visit you, my dear Sir Charles," said the General, as soon as he saw Prince Gregory, who had stepped forward a pace, while Rubrick kept behind, occasionally peeping over his shoulder.

The baronet's rage immediately subsided ; and without the slightest resistance, he suffered Tunbelly to disarm him of the poker, while he himself turning round, advanced towards his royal master, and bowing lowly, with tears in his eyes, intreated his royal highness to inform him whether he had any appearance of a madman, or whether there was any thing in his countenance which betokened death.

"My dear Sir Charles," exclaimed the prince, stretching out his hand to him, "I expected to have found you in the arms of death; but I must congratulate you on your improved appearance. According to my judgment, baronet, you are as perfectly in possession of both mental and bodily sanity as I am.—Where is the madness you spoke of?" added his royal highness, addressing himself to the trembling Rubrick.

"What! do you think me mad, old Sanctity?" cried Sir Charles. "Well, truth to say, my prince, he has some reason for I treated his reverence most indecorously. I was mad at that moment. I was urged beyond myself; but now that I have regained possession of my sober senses, I most sincerely beg his pardon for the insult I offered him, and plead my insanity as the only effectual apology."

"And Rubrick shall forgive you, baronet," said Prince Gregory—"his religion teaches forgiveness. But tell me, Sir Charles; what did Cathartic give you, which worked this quick and most marvelous change?"

"Thank God, your royal highness, he gave me nothing!" cried Sir Charles. "He merely prescribed blood-letting, purging, blistering, an emetic, and was going on to propose a few other such delightful operations, when I felt a sudden and irresistible impulse to break his head, as well as to annihilate that limb of the law Mr. Fi Fa; but they precipitately retreated, and relieved me from themselves as well as their suggestions."

The picture which presented itself to the mind of Prince Gregory at this moment was of such a ludicrous composition,

that his royal highness found it impossible to preserve the gravity of his countenance. After a brief but hearty laugh, the prince returned, "Gad so! it would have given me some sport could I have seen the doctor and the lawyer running for their lives. But come, baronet, dress yourself, and go down stairs with me. I see no occasion for confinement. You appear to be as well as I am. Come, I will send for the professional men to dine with us, and the circumstance shall serve for an after-dinner jest."

The prince had scarcely got to the end before Sir Charles had flung his night-cap across the room, and was capering about the chamber with all the rapture of a man just reprieved from death, at the moment when the executioner was about to perform his melancholy duty. Every idea of etiquette or decorum was banished: in

the excess of his pleasure, he even lost sight of the presence of the prince ; and, as he huddled on his clothes, hummed such a variety of tunes, so unmusically, yet with such a concise grotesqueness of countenance, that the prince could not for his life restrain his inclination to incessant merriment.

It required a very short time for Sir Charles to equip himself ; and, with more real pleasure than he had ever felt in his life, he accompanied the prince down stairs ; so true is it, that the feeling of rapture derives its most perfect acuteness from pain, as the light tints in a painting rise in beauty in proportion to the darkness of the shades which constitute the contrast. The recollection of his Teresa, and the prospect of futurity, were no longer irksome to his view ; for there was no bitterness in the cup which imagina-

tion filled for his taste. Death no longer danced before his eyes, and his bosom was no longer the seat of horror and despair.

As he had promised, Prince Gregory commanded the attendance of Cathartic, Fi Fa, and Rubrick, at dinner; and, although the doctor especially made all the excuses in his power, with a view to elude the unpleasantness of meeting with a man upon whom he had conspired with others to play such a hard joke, he found it impossible to avoid the baronet, and was therefore compelled to submit with the best grace.

The moment Cathartic made his appearance, Prince Gregory, as if determined to retaliate upon the man of medicine for the trick he had assisted to pass off upon Sir Charles, began to quiz him most unmercifully. — “ Well, doctor,

quoth his royal highness; "you seem to have been quite in error as to the nature of the baronet's disorder! You are not used to be so unfortunate in your judgment; nor can I now freely acquit you in my own mind of an intention of punishing Sir Charles for some offence or other.—Pray did the baronet ever injure you in any way? Is there some old, unreconciled grudge between you?"

The poor doctor, aware that he had been only the instrument of his master's whim, felt himself placed in a most awkward predicament. Sir Charles was eyeing him with a look of suspicion and anger, which Cathartic felt to be justifiable; yet was he so situated that he dared not to say a syllable which could act as a clue to the unravelment of the plot which had been formed and executed against the baronet. His visage expressed a variety of

contending feelings, and it was some time before he could even compose them sufficiently to enable him to stammer, "No, no, your royal highness; I was indeed out in my judgment."

Sir Charles was on the point of making a severe reply, when the prince, who had kept his eye upon him, in order that he might prevent the conversation from lapsing into a quarrel, stopped him short by exclaiming, "Poor Sir Charles, I understand, is inclined to think some amongst us have plotted against him, and so put this trick upon him merely for our own amusement. Is it so, or not, Sir Charles?"

A sudden ray of light at this moment darted across the mind of the baronet, and convinced him that it was so, and he was very much disposed to let his tongue speak the sentiments of his bosom; but

uch a step was obviously most impolitic; and prudence immediately suggested to him that any attempt to expose or resent the jokes of the prince, however hardly they might even bear upon himself, would actually bar the door against the future progress of his ambition. Mortified, therefore, as he felt, at being made the peep of such a trick, he resolved to conceal his feelings. He therefore contented himself with asserting, that in the midst of paroxysms, he might have uttered such wild suspicion, but that it ought to be received rather as a proof that he was transiently under the power of insanity, than as an assertion which his cooler reason would justify.

Cathartic was much relieved by this revelation of the baronet, which appeared to ease his shoulders of a heavy responsibility of suspicion. He determined, since the ba-

ronet had thus extricated him, when he had no chance of extricating himself, to dismiss all those unpleasant sensations which annoyed him previous to this explanation, and to endeavour, by seeking every opportunity to compliment Sir Charles, to carry off any relic of hostility towards him which, by possibility, might yet linger in the breast of the baronet. "I think," quoth the doctor, addressing himself to Sir Charles, "I think it would require more ingenuity than has fallen to my lot, to impose such a trick upon the baronet, who, according to Spurzheim's principle, which I hold to be correct, is a man of uncommon penetration and unmatched sagacity."

The compliment found its way to the heart of Sir Charles, who, advancing to Cathartic, and taking him by the hand, replied, "My dear doctor, I hate flattery.

I think very meanly of myself, and yet I can't bring myself to believe that so learned a gentleman as yourself, and one of such high attainments and character, would condescend to play the flatterer, especially to a poor baronet like me."

"Flatterer, Sir Charles!" echoed the doctor: "I hold flattery to be 'the worst of crimes;' and when I am guilty of it let me be punished for the double crime of flattery and hypocrisy. No, no, Sir Charles; I am accustomed to deal candidly with my friends and my patients; and I would as soon tell one of the latter, when dying, that he is convalescent, as to assert your ability, if I considered you possessed none!"

"Bravo!" cried the prince.—"After that, Sir Charles can no longer doubt. — Come, I am glad to see you friends; and

here comes Fi Fa. Now, Sir Charles, you must indeed take him by the hand and let all unpleasant recollections be banished from your memory. I am sure Fi Fa had not the slightest wish to offend you. He merely came in his professional capacity, under the impression that you were in danger."

"Your royal highness has anticipated all I intended to say," cried the pliant lawyer; "and indeed I have a very profound respect for Sir Charles, and would go any lengths to serve so amiable a gentleman."

This concession was ample, and completely obliterated all malignity from the disposition of the baronet. The whole party now sat down to a sumptuous dinner; and the circumstances which, but an hour or two before, had worn such

serious appearance, and had roused all the anger and spirit in the disposition of Sir Charles, now served for a jest to give a new relish to the wine which was poured out in ample libations, and which soon operated so powerfully upon Sir Charles, as even to make him forget that he had passed through any perils of body or mind whatever.

CHAPTER XI.

Sir Charles's new resolutions.—The brevity of the air existence.—A pigeon.—A description of the process of plucking one; in the course of which, some little insight is given the reader into a favour-ite propensity of the baronet.—The prince's general good fortune at play.—The distinction between fortune and fraud.—Preparations for the Masquerade.—The Masquerade itself.—The mountebank.—His lecture upon digestion.—The Hour—is.—Sir Charles pursues one, hunts her through the rooms, prevails on her to unmask, and is severely disappointed.—A few more of the incidents of the Masquerade, and its termination.

THAT Sir Charles should feel somewhat awkward and out of humour after the circumstance of the trick which he

was convinced had been put upon him, is not at all surprising. To say the least of its effect upon his feelings, it weakened that loyal attachment to the person of the prince, which he had before experienced; for, notwithstanding the intoxicating fumes of the wine had lessened the offence in his estimation, while the vapour shed its influence round his brain, when sobriety returned on the wing of the morning, his reason informed him that the usage he had received was, in truth, most scurvy.

A considerable disrelish for the projected amusements of the evening was the natural consequence of this feeling. Situated as he was, however, at the moment, he had no alternative but to yield obedience to the commands of the prince, and he was obliged to content himself with a vow, made mentally, that, let the consequences to his ambition be what they

...the trade
...himself
...requem
...to do
...this resol-
...be observed
...in the adop-
...extraordinary degree
...even no inconsidera-
...self-complacency.

Charles was a courtier
he might for one moment
upon the consistency and
his resolutions, experience had
that a word of kindness
same, from his royal mas-
at any time power to overthrow
And so, in fact, it turned out in the
instance; for the conversation of
Tunbely at the breakfast

table proved instantaneously fatal to the determination which the baronet had come to with himself, before he quitted his pillow to join the thoughtless party in the breakfast-room.

“ Well, baronet,” said the prince, as Sir Charles entered the room, “ how fares it with you this morning? You look as though you had been drinking largely from the Hygean fountain, instead of from my wine. The colour of your cheeks might vie with the complexion of the healthy rustic, upon whose phiz the dawn of the morning has profusely scattered some of its earliest tints.”

“ Ah, your royal highness,” answered the baronet, “ then I do look abominably indeed! Well, truth to say, when I viewed myself in the glass this morning, I thought there was a hideous redness upon

my cheeks, which was monstrously unbecoming. I declare it absolutely disconcerts me, to be told I have the vulgarly healthy appearance of a low bred plough-boy."

"Never let it discompose you, Sir Charles," said Tunbely.—"If I chose to be so easily put into ill-humour with myself, my unwieldy bulk would afford me ample and incessant pretexts. But these are matters unworthy of the serious notice of men of intellect and judgment; and, for my part, I would as soon be told I was ruddy as a rustic, as that I was pallid as a man of fashion."

"A truce with this conversation," cried the prince, "and let us turn our thoughts to the subject of the masquerade. As for my Lord Baron, my *quondam* Mesrour, I suppose he has had a surfeit; for I have

Never set eyes upon him from the moment we effected our escape from the fury of the buffalo. In that case, Tunbelly, you must perform his part, or find a proper substitute to take it."

"I'll pledge myself for his appearance in due time," returned the General.—
His ambition is too hungry to be thus easily surfeited. By the way, Sir Charles, if you want a pigeon to pluck, he's your man. He has as much money as Cræsus; and it is guarded by as little wit as ever fell to the lot of an half-created Simon. He'll bleed freely, I'll warrant him, or never more call me a judge of men."

Sir Charles was well known in the fashionable circles as a gamester by profession. At the principal houses of play, his face was as familiar to the waiters as that of the Great Mogul on the envelope

of a pack of cards. It was also a peculiar trait in his character, that although he staked deeply, and never shrunk from an invitation to play, but was incessantly engaged in some game of hazard or other, he was never known to lose; but uniformly came off considerably in pocket, without any person being able to fix upon him the direct charge of playing unfairly. The moment a young man of fashion made his *entré* into life, it was the first business

of Sir Charles to make himself perfectly acquainted with the tangible property of the inexperienced youth. Having satisfied himself in this particular, his next business was to allure him to the gaming table, where a number of voracious hawks were always assembled, prepared to pounce upon the unsuspecting victim, who was brought in to be sacrificed upon the reeking and unhallowed altar of avarice. This first step was generally one of ex-

treme caution; the preliminary measure was directed to infatuate, not to alarm: it was necessary to rivet the fetters round the captive reason of him who was within their clutches, before they suffered him to feel that he was not in possession of his accustomed liberty.

Unamiable as this sketch may appear, if justification might be offered for such conduct, something like a shadow of defence might be set up for Sir Charles, who, before he had reached years of discretion, had been ensnared by a band of these desperadoes; and, having been plundered of the greater part of his property, before he was scarcely awake to his real situation, was prompted by revenge to rush into the same vice, with a view to turn against society those weapons with which he himself had originally been so severely wounded. His determination in this

respect was not the effect of reason, but of desperation. Impoverished and broken-hearted, he had no other means of recovering that immense stake which he had once hazarded and lost; and, having once bound himself in a chain of close connexion with that lawless crew, which had already compassed and achieved his ruin, in a pecuniary view, the calm voice of morality was soon stifled, and he became a proficient in vice.

The very idea of a pigeon (which was the slang term for every youth of fashion and fortune who was encircled within their trammels, was a stimulating cordial to the ear of the baronet; and no sooner did Tunbelly announce Lord Baron under this most agreeable appellation, than Sir Charles, in imagination, was already fattening upon the ruins of his property.

But, if the sound excited an unusual ardor of feeling in Sir Charles, it was not lost upon the ear of the prince himself. Report, which, amongst a crude and indigestible mass of falsehoods, sometimes mingles a little salutary truth, as a sort of *sauce piquant* to its ordinary dish, had attributed to his royal highness a secret love of this most destructive propensity. It had even been said, that he had scouts continually upon the watch, to allure pigeons of more than ordinary weight and beauty to his mansion, in order that he might indulge himself in fleecing them.

However rash and unwarrantably report had treated his royal highness, on this disgraceful subject, it had never gone the length of impeaching his integrity, or attaching to him any motives which were in any degree coloured with the tinge of criminality; although, like

Sir Charles, he always won — like Sir Charles, he always won fairly ; and it was entirely to be attributed to the smile of fortune, and not to the intervention of any means which had a direct or indirect tendency to place under contribution the unwariness of the individual with whom he might be pitted in contest.

“ Sir Charles ! ” said the prince, taking hold of the baronet’s arm, and drawing him still closer to him, as if to whisper in his ear, — “ My dear Sir Charles, I understand you play ! They tell me you are a fortunate player ! ”

There was a something of mysterious significance in the look of the prince, which, although it might have passed a common ear unnoticed, was perfectly intelligible to Sir Charles, who replied — “ Yes, your royal highness, I am lucky.”

"There is no occasion to mince matters before Tunbelly," returned the prince—"Baron is rich, and you play fortunate! I am tolerably lucky in the long run. He shall meet you here to-morrow night, and we'll engage him."

Notwithstanding the recent resolution of Sir Charles to absent himself from the Pavilion after the affair of this evening should be terminated, he could not muster courage to excuse himself from this invitation. In fact, it was one of those opportunities of making a good thing which the baronet never suffered to let slip through his fingers, and his consent, therefore, instead of being wrung from him, was most prompt and voluntary.

At the moment Sir Charles had made answer, Lord Baron himself appeared; and, on being rallied by the prince for

his fears, which had prevented him from paying an earlier visit after the affair of the buffalo, his lordship vowed upon his honor that he was in no way alarmed at the circumstance ; but, foregad ! business of the most pressing exigency precluded the possibility of his returning the evening before to pay his respects.

The prince then began to narrate to his lordship the alarming indisposition which had seized Sir Charles, together with the affair of the doctor, the lawyer, and the clergyman, to the great discomposure of the baronet, who repeatedly interrupted the tale, which his royal highness richly embellished as he proceeded, with an intreaty that the prince would spare his infirmity, and not thus expose him to the laughter of his lordship ; while the latter, delighted with the narrative, as constantly begged that he might be permitted to

at the whole of an affair, in the commencement of which he had been doomed to take a prominent, although luckily, a harmless part.

As it was an uniform maxim with the prince never to let a good joke be lost, all the intreaties of Sir Charles were utterly ineffectual to induce his royal highness to desist until he had finished the picture, which he attempted to make as ridiculous as possible ; and the poor baronet, who sat biting his thumb without daring to show any stronger symptom of displeasure, ever and anon laughed most loudly in order to conceal his own chagrin.

The story was at length finished ; and the prince, by way of recompensing Sir Charles for the mortification he had just burdened upon him, whispered to his

lordship, loud enough to be heard by the baronet, whose ears were upon the alert to catch any thing like sound, "My dear Baron, Sir Charles is absolutely the best friend I have in the universe! I would sooner part with all my cabinet than with this honest fellow."

"Then is my fortune made!" said the baronet to himself, as he heard the purport of this artful communication—"My fortune is made, and I have only to ask for a patent of nobility, and I shall certainly obtain it."

Prince Gregory saw that his bait was swallowed: in a moment the discontented countenance of the baronet relapsed into its usual serenity and good-humour: there was not a cloud which the ray of flattery had not completely dissipated; and he was, at this moment, the happiest, and,

in his own opinion, the cleverest fellow in all the prince's dominions. So warmly does praise commend one to one's self.

Without seeming to notice the effect of his remark upon the muscles of the baronet's countenance, lest he might induce a suspicion of its sincerity, the prince proposed that they should go and investigate the progress which had been made in the arrangements for the evening's amusement. A complete suite of elegant chambers were thrown into one, forming a beautiful and immense saloon, the roof of which was of blue satin, on which were beautifully portrayed the moon and stars; the floor had been raised, and at each end was a grove formed of the choicest shrubs and plants brought thither for that purpose. In several small recesses were to be stationed various bands of music, alluring the visitors to thread the mazy

dance. Groupes of coloured lamps were tastefully arranged for the purpose of improving the general effect of the scene.

The preparations were all completed, and the *tout-ensemble* presented to the eye a work of unsurpassed attraction; which reflected the highest credit upon the taste of the illustrious young female under whose especial direction the metamorphosis was performed. Sir Charles declared that in such a paradise of pleasure he could live for ever; while the ravished Lord Baron blessed his stars for having given him to enjoy so much of the favor of his prince as had procured for him the glorious distinction of being permitted to have a view of such magnificence before any of the pining spinsters, gossiping dowagers, or coxcombical courtiers, who formed the circle of his acquaintance.

The interval between the view of the masquerade rooms and the time of dressing for the scene of mimic splendor, was devoted to the pleasures of the table, and the free circulation of the exhilarating wines and *liqueurs* very soon qualified the prince and his companions to enter upon the characters in which they professed to figure, with a degree of confidence, which, in their own estimations, was an earnest of complete success, and a prelude to the enjoyments they so eagerly anticipated.

At an early hour, the company began to assemble: masks of every description arrived in rapid succession, and groupes of the most fantastic characters soon lent to the apartment a romantic cast, which was calculated to please the votary of pleasure. When the scene had become a little crowded, the Caliph, Giafar, and

Mesrour, made their appearance, mingling amongst a crowd of fashionables, in order to prevent the ardent gaze of a natural curiosity from detecting them at their entrance.

Sir Charles looked round the company most anxiously in the hope of discovering the Muses, but, alas! he saw no individual character which, in his opinion, assimilated to his Teresa. He had just withdrawn his glance, with a sigh of disappointment, when he was tapped upon the shoulder by a Clown attached to a mountebank quack, who familiarly accosted him—"My master here sells all kinds of remedies. He can cure the disorder which first afflicted Adam, and all the diseases which have been introduced by medical skill to this hour. Would you like his lotion for love: wash your eyes with it only twice an hour for a month, and she who was the

loveliest creature in creation before, according to your opinion, will look as ugly and unattractive as Milton's picture of Sin. He will sell you as many tonics, stomachics, pills, and draughts, for five shillings, as one of you regular members *Collægii Chirurgorum* would charge you sixteen or seventeen pounds for. Come, sir, you shall stock a medicine chest for three crowns ; armed with which you may travel all climates, encounter plague, pestilence, and famine, and never be in danger of sudden death. He is just at this moment about to give a lecture on digestion."

The prince, who had overheard the Clown's description, replied in the room of Giafar—"Come, Visier, and you, Mesrour, let us hear the knave lecture. If he fulfil all this herald of his has prophesied, he will merit reward and shall receive it from the hands of the mighty Haroun ;

but if he only allure to disappoint us, and acquit himself awkwardly, by way of punishing him for the assumption of talents he does not possess, he shall undergo the punishment of the bastinado."

As he said this, the Caliph took his attendants by the arm, and walked to that part of the scene where a mounteban quack, elevated on a stool, was distributing sealed papers to a larger concourse of fashionables who had surrounded him. "Room! room!" cried the Clown. "Make way, ladies and gentlemen, for the rose of paradise, the sun of all true believers, the otto of the East, the rainbow which cheers the universe, and the representative of the Prophet—the mighty Caliph Haroun Alraschid, his vizier the brave and glorious prince Giafar, and the prudent and faithful Mesrour, the chief of the eunuchs. Make way! make way! that they may

have elbow-room and ear-room to attend to my master's lecture !”

Although, for the soul of him, Prince Gregory could not avoid smiling at this pompous communication of the Clown, he was somewhat vexed at the intense stare which it brought upon him from every part of the room. He was fearful that, notwithstanding his face was effectually concealed behind an impenetrable mask, his figure, which was singularly dignified, although of more than ordinary bulk, might awaken suspicion as to his real character, and thus lead to his detection at the outset.

Sir Charles suspected that a discovery of himself might take place. Not that there was in his person or appearance any thing remarkable, which might act as an index to his face ; but if Teresa should chance to be present in any other cha-

racter than that which she had originally intended to assume, he thought the eye of love might possess a sagacity which would be peculiar to itself. As he, however, had no particular wish to be concealed, but rather the contrary, since the discovery of himself would be necessarily attended by a discovery of his intimate footing with the prince, he was by no means eager to practise any extraordinary means to keep himself private, or to elude the search of any who might take the trouble to mark him.

The feeling of Lord Baron was somewhat akin to those of the baronet. He was ambitious of public homage ; and he considered that a general knowledge of his connection with Prince Gregory would attract to him no inconsiderable portion. The whole company present, therefore, were welcome to become informed of his

real character. There was no ground, however, for the fears of the prince, nor of the secret hopes of his companions, for, after a momentary gaze, the lecture of the mountebank drew off the attention of the various groupes from the trio, whose introduction had occasioned a momentary suspension of the business of the scene, and fixed upon himself a stare infinitely more general, more curious, and more penetrating.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” quoth the lecturer, “digenstion is an essential operation performed by the machinery of the stomach. I am not going to tell you of gastric fluid, nor pragmatic fluid, nor chyle &c. I will not confound you with technical terms; for I hate them, because I am a man of fashion; and therefore because, ladies and gentlemen, ye are persons of fashion, ye also must hate them.

Digestion, ladies and gentlemen, is nothing more or less than the amalgamation of the food with the system. Medical lecturers will pretend to tell us how all the various properties of the stomach are employed in this operation; but it is all chimerical—it is a mere speculation. They assume certain facts from the appearance of the various organs of the stomach after they have ceased to act, although it is not in nature that they ever should behold them in operation. Ladies and gentlemen, take a man who never entered the factory of a weaver, and introduce him there: show him a loom and a shuttle, and tell him these are the instruments by which the cloth is woven! Will he be able, of his own reason, without the direction of one who has seen them in work, to tell you how they are used, and the exact effect of their use? No, no, ladies and gentlemen—it is all ab-

surd, a mere pretension! All that we can assume to know, with any degree of propriety, is that every property of the stomach performs its specific operation; but what that is, who shall determine?"

Just at this part of the lecture, a general buz which ran through the company checked the lecturer, and drew the attention of the auditors to a groupe which now entered. The lecturer was quite forsaken, and seeing the folly of contending against superior attraction, very philosophically stepped from his stool, and joined the party who were hastening to another part of the room. The Caliph and his attendants were not long in discovering the cause of this general move; which was nothing less than the arrival of the muses with Apollo at their head, and who entered the room with a grace which irresistibly commanded not only the atten-

tion, but the absolute approbation of all the fashionables, who eagerly crowded towards them to discover, if possible, what were their true characters.

Sir Charles was probably the first person in the room who formed a shrewd guess as to any of this new groupe; for, no sooner did he see the party, than his heart determined that amongst them he should discover his Teresa: nor was it many moments before his eye singled out one whom it determined to be no other than the object of the baronet's solicitude. His bosom was now agitated by the strongest feelings of love; yet, not altogether unmixed with something like an uneasy sensation, as he saw the Apollo of the band so profuse and particular in his attentions to the supposed fair object of his affections. He was also uneasy, lest she might leave the room before he could find an opportunity

to make himself known to her, as he was compelled to attend his master.

From the latter fear, however, the perplexed vizier was soon relieved by the Caliph himself, who commanded him to address the Muses, and, in the name of the Caliph, to bid them welcome to this paradise of the world. Giafar was not slow in executing his mission: advancing towards her who attracted him most, he accosted her,—“Sweetest of the patronesses of the lyre, through his unworthy Giafar, the Caliph my master hails you!” Then, taking her hand, and pressing it to his lips, he added in a lower tone,—“My dearest Teresa, you see my situation; compelled to render obedience to the commands of my prince, pardon me for breaking my engagement with you. I cannot exist under your displeasure.” The mask made no reply; but, disengaging

her hand, re-joined her companions, while Apollo, advancing towards the vizier, replied,—“ Noble Giafar, we are grateful for the countenance of your illustrious master, and trust that we shall merit his favors.” Saying this, he led the way, and, followed by the nine females, tripped to the end of the room.

The poor vizier was so completely confounded by the silence as well as the singular action of his supposed mistress, that he did not know a syllable of the reply; and when he lifted up his eyes, and perceived that the groupe had left him, he hesitated for a moment, uncertain whether to leave the scene and give vent to his despair alone, or to remain, and by mixing in the dissipations and amusements of the evening, endeavour to wear away the acute edges of the sorrow which he experienced. The idea, however,

suggesting itself that he might have a new opportunity of making his peace, if he remained, determined him at once to hide his real feelings, and to be on the alert for another chance to obtain his pardon from the lips of his Teresa.

It was not long before fortune smiled upon the forlorn vizier. The dance soon afterwards commenced, when the Caliph, selecting a genteel mask whom he had for some time followed with a glance of more than common anxiety, retired to a remote corner of the room, after whispering to his two companions to leave him for a time to his own pursuits, until he should make a signal to recal them, and to amuse themselves according as their inclinations might prompt them.

This gracious permission was a complete cordial to Giafar, who immediately

set out in quest of the muses, some of whom were already figuring in the mazy dance, while others were engaged in conversation at the bottom of the room.—Amongst the latter he perceived the object of his quest; and, accosting her instantly, and taking her unresisting hand, he requested her to give him a few moments' audience in a more retired spot. The nymph consented; the mock vizier led her away from the groupe, and after a lavish expression of his ardent and unchangeable love, unmasked; and, requesting her to do the same, a request with which she complied; beheld—terrible disappointment!—the face of a *stranger*!

At this moment, while he stood gazing on the countenance of the lady, a female mask tripped by, and, looking very earnestly in the face of Sir Charles, uttered a sigh, and passed on. The sigh was not

lost upon Sir Charles, who immediately turned round, and saw another figure, so exactly resembling that of Teresa, that he would have sworn to her identity. Accosting the lady whom he had allured from the crowd, he stammered a thousand apologies for his errant stupidity, declared that he had been mistaken in her person ; for, although she was beautiful as an angel, she was not the female for whom he had taken her ; and intreated that she would suffer him to lead her back to the party from which he had so rashly separated her.

“ Not quite so fast, Sir Charles,” answered the lady ; for the baronet had imparted his name at the very sentence he interchanged with the unknown nymph.— “ Not quite so fast ! We do not part so easily ! You and I must be better acquainted. Nay, nay, you shall not go :

as you have separated me from my friends, it is but a just recompense that you should bear me company for awhile, and try to amuse me with your conversation. Come, come, I am not unreasonable."

Poor Sir Charles was so much engaged for some minutes in cursing his own blindness, that he could neither find ideas nor language to address the nymph, who appeared determined thus to persecute him. After some time, however, he replied,—
"Indeed, my dear madam, I feel the justice of all you say; but you really must excuse me for a few minutes, and I will return to you. I have a particular wish to say a word to a man at the other end of the room. Pray excuse me, madam."

"No, no, I'll not excuse you, Sir Charles; but I'll go with you: I need not be any restraint upon you, you know."

Saying this, the arch tormentor put her arm within his, and Sir Charles, finding it impossible to get rid of a companion for whom he was indebted solely to his own want of penetration, and fearing he might lose the opportunity of again seeing the mask which had skipped up to him, while he was unmasked, submitted to the condition which the lady imposed upon him, with as good a grace as he could, though, in sober truth, it was a most awkward one, and suffered himself to be prevailed upon to become her *chaperon* to the upper end of the suite of apartments.

The inattention of the baronet to his fair companion was, however, of such a marked character as to call for severe reprehension from her continually ; and the stammering incoherency of his apologies had a greater tendency to add to the offence than to expiate it. His eyes were

incessantly wandering round the room, as if in search of some object which riveted his whole soul. Even the Caliph himself was forgotten: nothing was present to the baronet but the figure of the mask, of whom he had obtained such a transient glance; and the more he examined that figure, and called to mind the singularity of her movements, the more was he convinced that she could be none other than his beloved Teresa herself.

All search after her, however, be she whom she might, was ineffectual. It was clear that she had left the room, for a very few minutes only elapsed before the baronet had searched every corner, and surveyed every mask, with an eye of the most correct scrutiny. It was not until he had perambulated the rooms three or four times, that Sir Charles could persuade himself that he had really lost her; and

when, at last, he was compelled to make the reluctant admission, it was accompanied by a pang, such as he had scarcely known before; and it was a happy circumstance, that at this moment the mask which he wore served to conceal the violent agitation which held complete tyranny over every muscle of his countenance.

The stranger-nymph, who, for some time, was his companion, finding it impossible, by any artifice which her ingenuity could suggest, to wean Sir Charles from that iron dullness which had so completely taken possession of him, had at length extricated herself from his company, after roundly assuring him that, positively, whatever might be his opinion of himself, he was the most monstrously gloomy misanthropic fellow that ever she had the misery to set her eyes on.

Left to himself, the baronet seated himself, and lapsed into a fit of gloom and despondence which very soon drew a crowd of masks round him, all of whom were extremely solicitous to become acquainted with the nature of his apparent sadness, until after a little patient endurance of their curious enquiries, he escaped from their persecutions by making the best of his way to the supper-rooms, where hope whispered to him that he might encounter the interesting mask.

Hope, however, only led the poor lover to new disappointment: she came not; and every mask at the table seemed to him so dull and insipid that he could not prevail upon himself to seat himself amongst them. Nothing which met his eye or his ear was capable of infusing a moment's delight; the idea that Teresa had watched him while in the act of pay-

ing his devoirs to the strange female, and had just taken an opportunity to convince him that she had witnessed him, by crossing his way at the moment he was unmasked. brought with it such a degree of pain which clung to his heart wherever he moved, and completely precluded him from any participation in the enjoyments of the residue of the evening.

But while Sir Charles was thus wandering up and down the rooms in a state of the most cruel anxiety, the princee himself was engaged in a long and interesting *tête-à-tête* with a lovely young female, who shewed an invincible reluctance to listen to his tender apostrophes, until he had made known to her his real rank, and, by unmasking to her, convinced her that she was indeed the most enviable of females since she had won from the pleasures of the evening so accomplished a prince.

To all the questions of his royal highness respecting the name and connections of his fair unknown, for some time, she declined to give any satisfactory reply. At length the perseverance of the prince overcame her scruples, and she confessed that she was merely the daughter of an officer upon the half-pay; and that both her father and herself had for some time been under the special protection of Tunbilly himself; and had resided in a house of his at no very great distance from the metropolis.

While Prince Gregory felt a degree of mortification in the idea that he had all this time been merely dallying with a mistress of Tunbilly, instead of some lovely shoot of an illustrious stock, he could not, at the same time, avoid admiring the taste of the General, and congratulating himself upon the pleasure

should feel in supplanting the old courtier; as he found no great difficulty in prevailing upon her to come to the Pavilion on the following morning, at an hour at which he intended to send off Tunbelly on some expedition, which should keep him out of the way of giving him any interruption during the whole of the morning, or probably the greater part of the day, so as to render the *tête-à-tête* perfectly secure.

Having arranged this point to his own entire satisfaction, the prince went in quest of his vizier and eunuch. The latter was near at hand; and after a long search, the former was found sitting in an obscure part of a deserted supper-room, where, by way of lightening his bosom of some portion of his grief, he was engaged in venting a thousand curses upon the follies and blunders which he had this

night committed, and which had led to such serious consequences of feeling.

The voice of the Caliph roused Giafar from his pensive attitude ; and, making a slight apology for his absence and the gloominess of his appearance, which he attributed to a slight indisposition which had recently seized him, he once more commenced his perambulations over the mimic scene. But it was now growing late, and, notwithstanding the still great attractions of the spot, great numbers of the principal characters, who had contributed most largely to the general amusement, had left the party and retired ; so that a comparative degree of dullness and insipidity predominated, which soon induced his royal highness to take his leave of the remaining groupes, and to quit the scene.

Sir Charles was not a little delighted to absent himself from pastimes which had become irksome to him from the moment he had convinced himself that his Teresa was no longer a visitor: and no sooner had he thrown off his masquerade dress and resumed his proper habit, than, pleading a severe indisposition for his excuse, which was accepted by his royal highness, the wearied baronet made the best of his way to his own residence, to breathe once again the sober breeze of the seashore, and to indulge, without reserve or interruption, in his own contemplations.

CHAPTER XII.

An introductory remark or two on the nature and extent of recreation.—Jenkinson arrives in great agitation.—The effect produced by his appearance.—His budget of plots and treasons, which destroys his master's appetite.—Solitary reflections sometimes salutary.—The best means of defeating conspiracy.—The tête-à-tête agreed on at the masquerade.—Tunbelly's curiosity.—An unexpected circumstance leads to its gratification.—The consequences of the discovery.—Tunbelly's generalship.—He intercepts the retreat of the fair one.—A ludicrous situation for logical discussion.—The escape of the inconstant—and the consolation offered by the prince.

THE precise point at which recreation becomes an injury, has never been defined by those philosophers who assume the most perfect knowledge of the construc-

tion of the animal and mental powers. It is perfectly clear, however, that there is a bound, beyond which relaxation degenerates into indolence, and leaves in the system a habit of lassitude and unfitness for exertion, which gradually disqualify it for every purpose of utility. A constant pursuit of sensual pleasure is of all evils the worst in its consequences; it not merely depraves the taste, and blinds the judgment, but progressively undermines and destroys all those intellectual faculties which elevate mankind.

Although it may be unfair, and most probably is untrue, that the mind of the prince was reduced by excess of enjoyment, it is certain that his vigour of intellect was much less strong than formerly; that his mental vision was seriously injured, so as to render him unqualified to judge correctly of men and things;

and that probably, under the influence of a powerful sympathy, even his corporeal powers had suffered a most manifest and most lamentable deterioration.

This fact was particularly evident after any particular burst of pleasure. On the morning after the masquerade, his royal highness was unable to leave his bed until near the hour of noon; his appetite was gone; his look was languid; his countenance pale; his voice tremulous and feminine; and a sort of convulsive agitation seemed to paralyze his whole frame. After a little time the symptoms disappeared, and the prince was able to walk to the breakfast-room.

The sovereign remedy on these occasions was a glass of exquisite cogniac, which gave a new impulse to the drowsy faculties of life; and however destructive

might be its ultimate effects, for the moment, at least, produced an artificial energy. His royal highness had just taken off a glass of this cordial, and had thus prepared himself for breakfast, when Jenkinson hastily entered his apartment, with no inconsiderable terror in his countenance and an evident agitation of frame.

“Thou art like a screech-owl!” exclaimed the prince, looking at the courtier with no common anxiety—“and thy very voice and appearance betoken something ill. Speak out whatever thou hast to say, and do not condemn me to the pain of suspense.”

“Your highness has not a more earnest nor faithful friend in your empire,” stammered Jenkinson, who was evidently disconcerted at the mode of his reception—“and would to heaven that I could always

bring my prince such news as would give him pleasure. But, Sir, I should be a false friend did I herd with those who, to please your ear, deceive your judgment. The purport of my news, great sir, is this; we have long suspected the existence of traitorous plots and conspiracies against your royal highness, and this very week has been fated to turn all our suspicion into dreadful certainties. There must be promptitude of measures, sir—there must be incessant vigilance! We must have spies and emissaries! We must have agents in every nook and corner of the realm!”

“Zounds and fury!” cried the prince, “why you are always tormenting me with your fears—always bidding me take warning. Had you not better keep me in an apartment lined with iron, that you may be sure I shall not be murdered?”

“Your royal highness has too much confidence, and too little apprehension!” returned Jenkinson. “I would not needlessly alarm you: but I have heard of such dismal things that, in my imagination, I have worked up images of the most fearful description. There are wicked men who are endeavouring to stir up the worst passions of the people; and who, under the specious pretext of seeking reform, are pursuing revolutionary objects! And consider, sir, to what fearful consequences these efforts may lead, unless checked in time! Remember the atrocities which an infuriated mob have before committed! and do not deceive your royal mind into a belief that the rabble of your own country could be made more reasonable or less treasonable than the rabble of any other; Be warned in time!”

“What is it you would warn me of?” asked the prince, who began to be some-

what alarmed at the picture which Jenkinson had just sketched. " You speak in riddles. If you know any thing, why do you not plainly and intelligibly speak it ! "

- " Why then, your royal highness," replied Jenkinson, " we have discovered that there is a party of knaves in the land, who think that your royal self, and we your royal highness's ministers, have had our swing long enough ; and they have determined among themselves to put an end to our present system. But instead of going about to accomplish it by mere power of words, they have resolved upon more effectual weapons ; and have, therefore, set up a manufactory of pikes and swords, and such like steel arguments, with which they mean, there can be no doubt, to make a midnight attack upon your royal palace, when your advisers are all away from your illustrious person,

when your royal highness is fast asleep, and your guards are few and drowsy. I dare say the rascals are well provided with picklocks or iron crows, or some other means of effecting an entrance, by violence or stratagem; and then, Lord have mercy on us! Your royal highness would be cut off before anybody could come to aid you."

"Well, to do you justice, Jenkinson, you have made up such a terrible story that it has stolen away my appetite for breakfast," returned the prince; "but pray tell me how those diabolical designs are to be frustrated? Shall I take to wearing a thin suit of steel armour under my clothes? Had I better lie in bed all day? Shall I have my life-guards dismounted, and a company of them at the door and windows of my apartment? Or what will it be better for me to do to preserve myself?"

"Rely on your faithful ministers, great sir!" answered Jenkinson, bowing down to the floor. "We have sagacity enough to defeat the scheme, since we have found it out. We will send trusty fellows to mix with the traitors, who will get acquainted with all their secret designs, and then communicate them to us. As to life-guards your royal highness, why they have been tempted by the rascals, who have been striving to seduce all your troops from their allegiance! Aye, aye! we'll watch them pretty closely until parliament shall meet, and then, sir, we'll have gagging-bills; we'll put an end to all such seditious meetings; we'll make the nation feel that though we let them rave and rant for a time, we can always pull them up at our pleasure. But let this never distress your royal highness. I will be on the alert, and all my colleagues; and depend upon us, for our dexterity of management, and

our vigilance will always be amply sufficient to detect the plots of the scoundrels, and defeat them."

"I may rely on you to a certain extent," said the prince; "but the safe way will be to take care of myself after all. Therefore be assured I won't stir a step except what I am, in a measure, forced to take. But have you evidence enough to induce parliament to agree to the violent propositions you design to make? You will require pretty strong proofs of the existence of all the evils you have described, or they will be reluctant to acquiesce. Have you got any such, or do you intend to manufacture evidence?"

"Wherever there is a gap which requires to be filled up, your royal highness, we must certainly supply the deficiency:" quoth Jenkinson. "Our consciences are not extremely tender on a matter which

involves the interests of the country. Not that we have any doubts about the compliance of parliament. We are secure of a majority there, let us propose what we choose. But it is prudent to keep up appearances with the public; and to do this, we will take especial care to have our evidence strong."

The conversation now took a turn of less interest, and Jenkinson soon afterwards withdrew. The impression made upon the mind of his royal highness, however, by the news he had just heard, was not of a partial nor temporary nature. Every day's experience had tended to convince him more and more that there was a kind of subterraneous fire running through his kingdom, which, unless some striking scheme could be executed to prevent the issue, would ultimately burst and cause an extensive devastation. He

felt that he did not himself stand upon that high ground of public opinion, which his courtiers had unfairly persuaded him he occupied ; and when he searched his own conduct for the cause of this alarming truth, he could not help acknowledging to himself that he had too generally neglected those essential points of duty which a prince ought to attend to ; and had, in too many instances, preferred private enjoyment to the welfare of the state. As conscience brought all these charges against him, in spite of the various arguments which self-love and sophistry brought forward to overthrow them, reason and truth were obliged to plead guilty, and to confess that he himself was the first cause of such a defection.

The knowledge of an error is said to be the first step towards its correction : it is certain that without such knowledge,

no correction can take place; since men will not endeavour to improve that in which they see no imperfection. The moment the prince, however, had satisfied himself that he had, in a slight degree at least, given cause for public dissatisfaction, at the same time he felt the conviction of the necessity of some step to remove this cause, in order that he might thus do every thing in his power to counteract any effects which might possibly result from it. His royal highness, probably, left to the controul of his own reason, might never have slid from that high pinnacle of popularity which he had once occupied: but in an evil moment, he had surrendered his mental energies to a controul of the most obnoxious description, and the consequence was his rapid declension in the scale of public opinion, and his ultimate loss of the fame he once enjoyed.

Now, perhaps, for the first time, his royal highness began to perceive that his judgment had been ensnared and misled; and that the plots of which he had just heard were a consequence of the error of policy into which he had been seduced. The best way therefore to defeat the designs of evil-minded men, was to make a bold effort to re-establish himself on the ground from which he had deviated. The prince accordingly determined to seize the first opportunity to make a considerable sacrifice of his private property towards the relief of the people, and thus to set an example to the higher classes, which might be followed by extensive and beneficial consequences. He resolved, however, to keep his plan a profound secret until the arrival of the moment at which it would be expedient to carry it into execution; lest his ministers, seeing the measure would give the lie to the statements to which

they had tenaciously adhered of the state of the country, might attempt to dissuade him from it.

The determination to perform a laudable action, in a mind not entirely callous to the common sensibilities of human nature, brings with it a pledge of the most legitimate description. So it was in this instance; the moment the prince had come to this patriotic resolution, his appetite returned, and his whole countenance was so evidently affected with the agreeable sensations of his heart, that, when Tunbelly entered the room, he was not a little astonished to see the uncommon expression of his royal master's face; to read pleasure where he had anticipated a gloomy reserve; and to discover a lively energy of look and voice, where he had expected to find a complete lassitude of body, and a total enervation or suspension of all the intellectual faculties.

The appearance of Tunbelly reminded the prince of the engagements he had made the night before with the officer's daughter whom Tunbelly had taken under his protection ; and he immediately began to think of some plan to get the General out of the way for a few hours, while he gave himself up to a little sensual dalliance with his beautiful young *protégée*. As his ingenuity, however, was not very active, his royal highness commanded Tunbelly's absence until the hour appointed to introduce the young pigeon, according to the agreement of the day before ; under pretence that the toil of the exertion at the masquerade had unfitted him for company, and rendered it necessary that he should give himself to quiet repose.

There are many who have been described as " Never less alone, than when

alone ;" that is, whose imaginations body forth to them legions of unreal companions, of airy nothings who throng to the levee of fancy, and marshal themselves against solitude. Generally speaking, Prince Gregory was not one of this species ; when left by his real bodily companions, he usually found himself in the most invincible solitude ; for, his imagination was no longer an active principle unless it had received an impulse from some extraordinary circumstance of the moment. The instant Tunbelly left him, he lapsed into a complete lethargy which continued for near two hours, until a page, who had received his cue from his royal master, introduced the fair damsel he had expected.

As the details of a scene such as may be supposed to have taken place between the prince and his *inamorata* would be

somewhat tedious as well as indecorous, it may be well to attend to the rules of good-breeding, and quit the room during the *tête-à-tête*.

Tunbelly, who was not deficient in curiosity, and to whom such a prohibition as he had just received was absolutely without precedent, began to revolve in his own mind, to what cause his singular exclusion was to be attributed; and he was not long in determining that some intrigue was going forward of which it was the wish of his royal highness that he should be kept in the dark. The General, however, was one of those men who estimate the value of a secret by the difficulty which lies in the way of obtaining it; and no sooner had he satisfied himself that something of this kind was on foot, than he determined, if he did not break in upon the retirement of his

master, at least to lie in wait so as to catch a fleeting glance at the female party to the transaction.

The page alone, who introduced the lady, was in the secret ; so that all the enquiries of the General to confirm his opinions, only tended to instil doubts. As he was on the alert, however, to catch every echo, the entrance of the female was not unnoticed ; but as she was disguised beneath a monstrous cloak, evidently intended to conceal her figure as well as her face, all the artifices of Turbelly, whom she seemed most cautiously to shun, were insufficient to give him the least ground for forming an opinion of her appearance.

The *tête-à-tête* had now been of an hour's continuance, and the distressed General was almost dying to satisfy his

curiosity, and had completely distracted his brain by his toilsome endeavours to discover some plausible pretext for breaking in upon the privacy of the prince, when fortune threw that chance in his way, which he had exhausted his ingenuity to find out in vain. Lady Charlotte, whose approach he had been too much engaged with his own thoughts to notice, suddenly stood by his side ; and, accosting him in a hasty tone of voice, demanded of him where was her father. And, on his replying, her ladyship immediately set forward to introduce herself to him, notwithstanding the intimation of the General that he was particularly engaged.

In the predicament in which he was now placed, the General had no time for hesitation ; and concluding, upon the spur of the occasion, the prince would readily pardon his officiousness as soon as he had

heard his daughter was in quest of him, away posted the swelling General, congratulating himself upon the happy circumstance which had thus thrown into his way the opportunity of making himself master of a secret, which his royal highness had so studiously concealed from him.

A very few moments sufficed to bring Tunbely to the apartment of the prince; and, as he was not many yards before Lady Charlotte, notwithstanding the prodigious haste he made, he stood upon no ceremony, but waving even the common forms of civilized society, without the slightest signal or notification of his intention, at once threw open the door of the apartment, exclaiming, as he rushed in — “Oh, your royal highness, pardon me! your daughter, sir, Lady Charlotte is here!”

At the instant he uttered these words, his eye glanced over the apartment, and rested upon the mysterious female, who was hastily endeavouring to conceal herself behind her cloak, but before she could succeed in the accomplishment of the design, the General had seen sufficient of her to excite at least a powerful suspicion in his mind as to her real name. A sudden hectic rushed into his cheek ; and, forgetful of the situation in which he was placed at the moment, he was on the point of advancing to satisfy his doubts, when the prince, suddenly seizing him by the arm, checked his progress, exclaiming—"Zounds and the devil ! if you value my favor or your own safety, proceed not a single step farther !"

The command was too imperative in its nature not to be obeyed ; and the tone in which it was uttered recalled Tunbilly

to himself. Policy, in a moment, subdued all the intemperance of his feelings; and determined him to pretend a degree of ignorance or of carelessness, which might have the effect of deceiving his royal highness. Bowing lowly, Tunbelly replied—"My gracious prince, I was solicitous to conceal the lady! The Lady Charlotte is now at the door, and will inevitably discover her."

"You need not trouble yourself on that account," returned the prince, "the danger has entirely passed by!" And Tunbelly, looking round the room, saw that the female had made her escape through a side-door, which afforded her egress by quite an opposite road to that where the Lady Charlotte was. Piqued at this circumstance, the countenance of Tunbelly betrayed the agitation under which he laboured; but there was no time

for the prince to notice it, as his daughter, at that instant, entered the room.

The General was well pleased to withdraw from the apartment; for, although it was probable his presence might be required immediately, he determined to make a rapid exertion to overtake the false fair one, and put an end to his suspicions at once.

In the mean time, the prince himself was in no very agreeable temper of mind. The interruption itself was sufficient to overthrow all his equanimity; but that Tunbelly, of all men, should have been singled out by fate to enter the apartment at such a juncture, aggravated the mortification he endured in a tenfold degree. So absorbed was he in reflections upon the most advisable way of extricating himself from the dilemma, (for he was

persuaded, from Tunbelly's manner, that he had recognized his faithless mistress,) that he paid no attention to his daughter while she made known to him the purport of her visit, and apologized for the rudeness of which she had been guilty, in breaking in upon his privacy by such an unceremonious visit.

As her ladyship thus expressed herself, she eyed the perplexed countenance of her father with more of curiosity than of astonishment in the glance; for she shrewdly suspected, from the strangeness of his manner, that she had indeed made her appearance at a most unwelcome moment; and the more she noticed her father's manner, the more she felt convinced that this impression upon her mind was founded in fact, and that she had unwittingly thrown her father into a complete quandary.

"No, no, Charlotte," stammered the prince — "you have not disturbed me! Oh, no! I was only a little busily engaged in arranging—that is, in attending to some particular business—but it does not matter—another time will do as well—it is not of the least consequence. I am very glad to see you, my dear Charlotte, very glad indeed! You look uncommon well this morning; — matrimony agrees with you. But, pray, have you any thing you wish particularly to say to me?"

His royal highness, towards the latter part of his speech, had perfectly recovered himself, so as to speak and appear, in every respect, as if nothing had occurred to put him the least out of his way; and at the close he took the hand of his fair daughter, and, pressing it between his own, drew her towards him, kissed her with every symptom of paternal affec-

tion, and complimented her ladyship over and over again upon the improvement in her general appearance.

Lady Charlotte returned her father's salute perhaps with a feeling of superior sincerity to that which gave it her. No that his royal highness was defective in parental fondness, since his daughter had surrendered her opinions to his guidance; but it is natural to suppose that, in the flurry and confusion of the moment, immediately after the late unfortunate interruption, the prince was not in the full possession of those genuine feelings which, at other times, regulated his behaviour.

"Nothing very particular, father," replied Lady Charlotte; "that is—yes, I have too. Its a mere nonsensical whim after all. You know my birth-day is just here; and my spousy insisted upon my coming

to ask you to let us have a grand fête here on the occasion ;—not a masquerade—for that was a hideous thing last night, and nobody could possibly enjoy it. I mean a musical and dancing party ; where there will be something of a more natural description to amuse us.”

Nothing could exceed the chagrin of the prince upon discovering that he had been disturbed on such a trifling occasion. It was necessary, however, to master this feeling : and, whatever he might think, to wear the face of complacency. To effect this, however, required a few moments’ pause ; after which he returned,—“ My dearest Charlotte, nothing could possibly give me greater pleasure. I am always happy when it is in my power to promote your felicity. Command me in every way you may think proper.”

“ Well now, that was very kindly spoken of you, my dear father ;” answered Lady Charlotte ; “ but, now tell me how it shall be all arranged. What singers shall we have ? Whom shall we send for to dance ? What selection of vocal music shall we have ? ”

“ Any body you like, and any thing you like, my dear Charlotte ! ” replied the prince, rather hastily ; for he was scarcely able to conceal the ill-humour which he felt, at being prevented from ascertaining what had become of his fair companion. When, suddenly recollecting himself, and anxious to efface from the mind of Lady Charlotte any unfavourable impressions which might be made by the harshness of his accent, he resumed, in a milder key,— “ Another time, my dear girl ; I am at this moment busy.”

Her ladyship wanted no further clue to discover the cause of his confusion on her entrance, and of his present uncouthness of manner; and, unwilling to aggravate that feeling of irritation which so unconsciously she had excited, she only remained to add,—“ Well, my dear father, as you have some very agreeable engagements, upon which I have unconsciously broken, I will not detain you; but, at another time, you must assist me to complete my little arrangements.”

“ I will, my dear girl, I will;” quoth the prince, in a moderated tone, happy to be once more relieved from her presence, and left to himself to pursue his engagement, if he could be fortunate enough once more to find the consenting fair one.

In the mean time Tunbely, whose doubts were nearly aggravated into cer-

tainly, had no sooner left the presence of the prince, than, with more celerity of movement than he had displayed for the last twenty years, he made the best of his way through a suite of rooms to cut off the retreat of his mistress, if such she should prove, and to have the melancholy satisfaction of reproaching her on the instant, before she could have time to invent any pretexts, and while her infidelity was fresh upon her mind.

In a few minutes the General reached the only entrance through which she could leave the Pavilion, and, as he could command a long avenue which led to the fields, and through which it was scarcely possible that she could have made her way, he seated himself upon a chair close by the door, well assured, that in a second or two, the damsel, be she whom she might, must pass by him. He had kept

his station but a short time, before the sound of light and hasty footsteps across an adjoining apartment caused a palpitation of the heart, which almost prevented the General from retaining his seat. He had never experienced a similar sensation before, except on an occasion when he was ordered, upon the heels of a fight, to lead his men within the range of the enemy's guns, to remove a battery into a more commanding position ; and then the attack of the heart-fluttering was so violent, that, out of humanity towards his bodily infirmity, an inferior officer took upon himself the dangerous service.

So violent was the agitation at this moment, that he was constrained to catch hold of the brass handle of the door of the apartment whence the noise proceeded, to support himself on his seat ; but scarcely had he clenched the glittering knob,

before the door was violently wrested from his grasp, and as if overthrown by the sudden shock, he fell forward upon the floor; his mistress with a loud shriek stumbled over him, and fell prostrate by the side of her gasping and much-injured protector.

Both of them retained sufficient powers of perception to recognize each other; and the first impulse of the false fair one's thoughts was to spring up from her prone situation, and make the best of her way out of the sight of her lover, seeing that in a race she, who was thin and light-footed as a fairy, would have a manifest advantage over him who so much exceeded in size the ordinary capacity of man. But when she strived to put her resolution in practice, to her utter consternation, she discovered that, by a skilful manœuvre, doubtless the result of his professional practice and his knowledge of tactics, the

wary General had made fast one of her legs within his arms, so that she was fairly and inevitably a captive.

This expedient therefore failing, she began to turn over in her brain some new scheme; but nothing suggested itself, in this moment of confusion, but the hack-nied method of sighs and tears, and oaths and intreaties, which she accordingly lavished most abundantly as she lay on the floor; for, truth to tell, as the General could not rise, owing to his unwieldy bulk, without giving liberty to the leg of his inconstant; and, as he was aware she would make good use of her liberty if he allowed her to enjoy it a single moment, he found it impossible for himself to rise before the matter had been talked over; while, on the other hand, she was restrained as powerfully as though she had been held in vice, and could not get up.

Under these circumstances, as neither of them could rise, it was necessitated by fate to be a prostrate argument ; although it had one great disadvantage ; for, in the act of becoming prostrate, the General had stricken his nose against a chair, which caused a temporary hemorrhage ; and, although this blood-letting might have reduced the violence of his passion, it probably tended to throw him into a fit of sulky dudgeon almost as hostile to every thing like calm discussion. The lady had also bruised her forehead, which, for the moment, brought on a partial irritation of feeling ; but this effervescence soon subsided, when she began to call to mind that the part she had to play required tenderness and humility.

“ Best of men ! ” quoth the fair one, with a stammering voice, indicative of agitation, feigned or real, “ what a base

man the prince is! Last night he spoke to me at the masquerade, pretended to know me, and, under a pretext of telling me something of the utmost importance, prevailed on me to unmask. Then making himself known to me, he commanded me to call this morning; and when I came, expecting to hear something grateful concerning you, he began to talk in a very unwarrantable strain to me; but fortunately you arrived at that moment, and I, fearing to be seen by Lady Charlotte, made my escape through the side-door, in the hope that you would know, and, without delay, follow me."

The General could not immediately find breath to reply to this compound of falsehood and absurdity. As soon as he had regained a little breath however, he commenced a strain of bitter reproaches, which grated most terribly upon the ears

of his prostrate mistress, who had probably anticipated the fullest success from the story which she had hastily prepared to deceive her protector; and who, at the sound of his stern and incredulous tone, assumed first an air of offended pride, wondering he could place no more confidence in her attachment and fidelity; but, finding this plan ineffectual, she had recourse to a new volley of sighs and vows, accompanied by an ample libation of her rosy cheeks with streams of salt tears.

Notwithstanding these powerful attacks upon his feelings, the General continued incredulous and invulnerable; and was about to commence a direct charge of premeditated inconstancy against her, when he was checked by a loud horse-laugh from the other side of the apartments in which the upper half of his body was stretched; and, lifting up his head to

ascertain the source whence the sound proceeded, he beheld his illustrious master himself, laughing with a vehemence which threatened the worst consequence, and supporting himself against the door-post, with his eyes rivetted upon the grotesque picture of the General and his prostrate fair one stretched upon the floor, in the strange position which was before described.

“This—this—is a downright treasonable conspiracy to kill me with laughing!” vociferated the prince as legibly as he could, and intersecting every word with a loud laugh. “Why, General, how the devil came you in this position? And this lady too——why it is the same that called upon me, at my request, upon private business this morning! Is it not so, madam? Have not you been with me this morning,

respecting some private business, and of very pressing importance?"

No reply was returned for some moments. The female was too much involved to trust herself to make a reply; lest by such reply she should draw forth a rejoinder which might falsify all she had first been saying. She determined, therefore, to remain silent, and to suffer the prince and Tunbelly to discuss the matter without her interference. Tunbelly also lay silent, until he had digested the plan of his future proceedings. and, having weighed the advantages of making a spirited reply, which would raise the choler of his master, against its disadvantages, and determined that it would be unwise to create an irritation, the repercussion of which must be injurious, if not fatal, to his own interest, he replied with great humility, at the same moment relieving the leg of his inamo-

rata, and raising himself deliberately from his supine posture,—“This lady, your royal highness, is under my protection; we met each other rather awkwardly, and this was the consequence. The scene was, in truth, ridiculous enough.”

The appearance of the two at this instant was singular in the extreme; it was an admirable groupe for the pencil of a Hogarth. Here stood the prince, staring first at the female and then at Tunbelly, ignorant, yet wishing to discover whether the latter had, in truth, discovered the purport of the visits of his inconstant mistress, or if he attributed the circumstance to mere accident. On the other side was the damsel herself, who had recovered her standing, and was, apparently, “like a grey-hound in the slip, straining for a start,” as soon as she could see an opportunity favourable to her purpose: the na-

tural rosy hue of her complexion had received such a new stimulus from the circumstances which had just occurred, that instead of adopting the common mode of expression, and exclaiming that it might vie with the rose, it would have been more correct to say, that the rose itself could not vie with her cheeks, so highly were they crimsoned. In the middle appeared Tunbelly, sighing and sweating under a double load of anxiety and of flesh; striving with all his might and main to conceal the violently agitated feelings which were rebelling in his bosom, and, amidst all his care and discontent, endeavouring to wear a countenance which would speak a total unconcern.

A little time elapsed before the prince uttered a syllable in reply to the General's answer. At length, he carelessly made answer,—“ Well, well, General, it was a

mere accident, and not worth mentioning. But *apropos*, Tunbelly, you have an excellent taste! How is it I never set eyes on this lady before? Where have you kept her locked up continually? What, you was afraid, eh. Tunbelly? Well, I don't much wonder at your jealousy and caution; for, by Heaven, she is nothing less than a celestial being—a very angel!”

“Much less. your royal highness,” answered Tunbelly, with a sigh; and, turning towards her to mark what kind of expression her countenance betrayed, what was his astonishment, to find that she had made use of her freedom, and had slept away unperceived. “The devil!” exclaimed the General, in a transport of rage and disappointment, which suddenly deprived him of his usual prudence and custom.—“The jilt was not contented with being unfaithful, but she must

now run away from me ! Curse on them all !”

The exclamation of the General conveyed to his royal highness a great deal more information than he was desirous to obtain. It convinced him in a moment, without any further explanation, that Tunbelly was informed of his designs upon his mistress, and his royal highness felt no inconsiderable perplexity in suggesting to himself some mode by which he might extricate himself from the dilemma into which the warmth of his passions had hurried him, when wine had influence over his brain, and reason had suspended its rule. After a short pause, however, the prince resolved to put a good face on the matter, and to carry it off as an occurrence not worth a moment's consideration.—“ Why, Tunbelly,” quoth he, “ this damsel of yours is absolutely incomparable. It

was by the merest accident in life that I found her out; and the moment I understood her connexion with you, I knew your attachment was so strong, that you would sacrifice any pleasure of your own to advance her enjoyment. Am I not right, my dear Tunbelly, in thus enlarging the extent of your friendship?"

Tunbelly was as much thunderstruck at the candor of the confession as at the manner in which it was made. The idea of a seducer winning away from him his mistress, and then telling him by his own mouth of the act, and passing it off in so light a manner, completely staggered the General's credulity; for, though long acquainted with fashionable society, although for years an inmate of the very first circles of the best bred people, he had never encountered a circumstance which could parallel this. Since it had

pleased his royal master, however, to throw himself upon his friendship, the course which he had to pursue was not very difficult, unless he desired to add to the sacrifice of his mistress, the still greater one of all his hopes and expectations of fortune, profit, and honour at court.

“If any thing I possess has power to afford your royal highness happiness,” replied the courtier, in a respectful tone and with a low bow--“I cannot surely possess it for a better purpose. It is true, habit had made me partial to her; but that is of very little moment indeed!”

“Very little, Tunbelly,” interrupted the prince — “for how many thousand beauties are there who would absolutely expire with rapture at the mere idea of being taken under the protection of a

man of such character and property as you are. Besides, constancy is a bore; and I should think, judging of your feelings by my own, that variety in love must better suit your taste than to be always wearing the same flower. I am sure you must coincide in opinion with me; although you don't like to acknowledge it."

"Why should I not acknowledge it, my prince?" said Tunbelly. "Were it not a gross violation of good taste and good manners, to say I am tired of what has charms to win your royal highness, I would have said so at once. I once thought her exquisitely beautiful, and doated on her to distraction; but I have long ago lost all these feelings, and if I have any lurking attachment in my bosom towards her at this moment, I am well persuaded that it is nothing more than the attachment of habit, and has nothing to do with the heart."

" You are the man of sound reason I always took you to be," returned the prince ; " but to change the conversation. Is it not near the hour when we may expect Baron and Sir Charles? You have not forgot the engagement of yesterday. I never saw the baronet play, and, as I have heard much of his method, I confess I am a little curious to witness it. Are you sure Baron understood the appointment as I designed him, and did not betray any reluctance or hesitation of manner when he gave his consent?"

" Perfectly so, Sir," replied Tunbely ; " so far from it, he appeared delighted at the idea : for, as I understand, the little experience his lordship has had, he has been favoured with a constant run of luck, which has produced the effect of making his appetite for play so amazingly keen, that I am much mistaken in him if

he does not require ten times as much as most men to satisfy it. Why, I understand that he even won eighteen hundred, but a very few evenings ago, of that experienced player Paramour."

"Indeed!" cried the prince, "then either Paramour intended it as a bait to catch his lordship's whole fortune, or Baron, while he anticipated a rich prize, was too much for him. Do you know Sir Charles's play? Is he a wary hand?"

"Uncommonly so, and plays with such excellent address, that, before you had been in his company half an hour, you would swear that he is the completest green-horn in the universe. The knowing ones don't half like him, your royal highness; yet he is such an admirable ally that they won't venture to let him slip. But lest Lord Baron should forget

the engagement, I'll make it my business to call upon him, under some excuse or other, or bring him and the baronet with me in less than an hour."

The prince nodded consent, and Tunbelly posted away, not so much with the intention to bring Lord Baron and Sir Charles, as to learn something of the fate of his *inamorata*, and to find out, as far as he could, whether indeed she was so depraved as his apprehensions pictured her to be, that he might forthwith make up his mind as to his future conduct to her; for he did not consider the admission of the prince in any more serious light than he did the advice which he received from him subsequent to it.

If Tunbelly was rejoiced thus to terminate an interview which had been more irksome to him than any former one he had

ever had with his master, the prince himself was not less so; for he had, during the whole of it, toiled incessantly to conquer the ill-humour which prevailed in his heart; and the moment he was left alone, he made the best of his way back to his apartment, and gave a temporary relief to his feelings by venting unqualified curses on the whole of the sex.

CHAPTER XII.

Tunbelly's vain pursuit after the female fugitive—He finds Sir Charles in despair—The cause of his affliction—Tunbelly compelled to assist him out of the dilemma, or to go back to the Pavilion without him—The General's interview with Teresa paves the way for a reconciliation betwixt her and the baronet—The rapture of the latter—The ratification of the treaty of peace—The new incident in the vicinity of the Pavilion—Sir Charles repays the service Turnbelly did for him, and noses a secret, but is prevented from discovering it.

NO sooner did Tunbelly find himself at liberty, than he made the best of his way to the house which he had taken for his mistress, and which was some fifteen mi-

minutes walk from the Pavilion, in the hope and confidence that there he should have an opportunity of sifting to the bottom the strange circumstance which had so powerfully worked upon his feelings. The General, however, was here doomed to a severe disappointment, for, alas! no tidings of her had reached her residence, nor had she been seen by any of the servants since she left home two hours before.

Completely out of humour with his mistress, himself, the prince, and all the world, Tunbelly retrod his steps, calling at every library and public place, in the hope that relenting fortune, tired of having persecuted him so much this morning, might consent at last to throw her in his way. But, alas! he reckoned without his host! Every enquiry proved fruitless; and, after a tedious and vain pursuit of the frail inconstant, he was compelled to

content himself with suspending all further quest for the present, and with repairing to the house of Sir Charles, to remind the baronet of his engagement for the day.

Sir Charles was in a situation not a whit more enviable than that of Tunbelly. After a long and sleepless night, during which his thoughts perversely played the parts of most cruel tormentors, just as he was about to rise, a messenger had delivered at his house the following laconic, yet comprehensive epistle from her who had occupied his mind, and banished slumber from his lids, the whole night.

“ If Sir Charles intended to insult Miss Evergreen by leaving a note for her upon the table, and afterwards paying his attentions at the masquerade to a stranger, she wishes to inform him that his scheme

utterly failed to produce the effect he intended, and only tended to impress upon her mind the conviction that he was a man upon whom to waste a regard, would be the very excess of criminal weakness."

As soon as he had read this note, the poor baronet went off in a complete paroxysm, far worse than that which followed the affair of the buffalo, swore at fortune, and played the maniac with his pillow to perfection. Teresa had never appeared half so dear to him before. He could have worshipped her, have died for her, in the ardour of that love which had received such a powerful stimulus from disappointment.

Unresolved how to proceed, anxious to see the object of his affections, yet ignorant in what shape or manner to introduce himself, after the apparent insult

he had offered to her ; at one moment determining to pen an explanatory letter, and the next rejecting the idea as having a tendency only to produce a partial and unsatisfactory result ; the baronet was still tossing and tumbling on his bed, revolving and re-revolving his conduct, when the arrival of the General, although it afforded no remedy to his ailments, diverted his attention from them for the space of a few minutes.

To the General's enquiry what was the matter, Sir Charles returned an incoherent reply, of which the only parts that Tunbelly could at all understand were " fool - dilemma—my own stupid blindness—sweet lovely creature—must have her—existence would be an intolerable curse without her"—and a few other such unconnected words and phrases which meant much, but said nothing.

Tunbelly, however, no sooner found that a woman was concerned in the distress of the baronet, than, putting on an air of unconcern, he answered, "Why, my dear Sir Charles, I thought you were more of a philosopher than to suffer that incessant plague of man's life—woman, to give you any uneasiness. Had I not been more strongly fortified against the ficklenesses of the sex, I have at this very instant enough to unman me. Come, come, baronet; you must get up and go with me. Don't you recollect that you have engaged to play with our master and Baron for some heavy stakes?"

"I cant go—I can't indeed!" returned Sir Charles. "I am quite unhinged; and were I to attempt to play in my present state of mind, I should make some confounded blunder which would blow and ruin us all. Indeed, my dear General,

you must either make an excuse for me, and put off the engagement for a day or two; or you must consent to go and make my peace with Miss Evergreen."

"Put off the party, Sir Charles! Impossible!" exclaimed Tunbilly "You have not a shadow of excuse to offer which will pass current among men of common sense. What, let a silly girl stand in the way of a positive engagement! Fie, baronet, fie! I thought you a man of much more decision. Come; come along: the Prince and Lord Baron will be waiting for you, and what will you have to say for yourself?"

"Positively, my dear General, I cannot go, unless you make my peace with my dear Teresa," returned the obstinate baronet, in whose heart love had for the first time subdued the feelings of ambition.

“ If you will step to Lady Evergreen’s,” resumed Sir Charles “ it is but an hundred yards, and obtain leave for me to call and see my angelic girl, you may command me, but otherwise I cannot consent.”

The General hesitated, and began to turn in his own mind whether it would be better to accede to the proposal of Sir Charles, who seemed obstinately bent upon pursuing his own fancy ; or to quit him, and report truly to the prince the reason of his absence. He soon determined on the former, not out of any friendship for the baronet, who, for aught he cared, might have pined himself to death for the girl ; but out of respect to his own character as a courtier, which he feared might suffer in the estimation of his master, if he returned to him and confessed his inability to bring Sir Charles with him.

He accordingly acquiesced in the baronet's proposal ; and, having received his cue, made the best of his way to Lady Evergreen's residence, having first extorted from him a promise to make himself ready to accompany him to the Pavilion without delay. Tunbely, although his mission was one of a singular description, felt no kind of embarrassment, for he had been so accustomed to execute every kind of commission for his royal master, that he was pretty well versed in all the intricacies, and was fully qualified in every point of view, to unravel the Gordian knot of negotiation.

The name and appearance of the General were a sufficient passport for him to every circle. He was therefore admitted the moment he appeared at the door of my Lady Evergreen ; and, having announced the nature of the message, was presently

introduced to the fair Teresa herself, to whom he presented a note from Sir Charles, which was intended to open the important business of his visit.

Waiting until the young lady had perused the contents of the letter, the General then commenced a studied picture of the greatest sufferings which the baronet endured under the impression that he had offended her; sufferings which had so completely enervated his body and discomforted his mental organization, that he was at this moment confined to his bed in a state of delirium. This sketch answered all the purposes for which Tunbelly designed it, and wrought upon the fair Teresa much more than the strongest arguments he could have adopted; for the tears immediately started into her eyes, at the idea of her lover's affliction, and with a tenderness of tone which sufficient-

ly spoke the affections she had for the baronet, she asked how long he had been ill, adding rather archly, "I believe he was at the masquerade last night."

"At the command of our royal master, madam, he attended the masquerade," said Tunbelly, "and I understand the mistake he made in pursuing a mask, which he considered to be yourself, has led to the illness under which he now labours. Allow me to bear back to him your assurance of pardon, which is of consequence to his future interests, as without it he refuses to accompany me to the Pavilion, to fulfil a very important engagement which he has made with the prince. It was with a view to prevent him from committing a breach of this engagement, that I have taken upon myself the office of mediator."

Teresa felt not a little pleased to find that she was of so much consequence in the baronet's estimation as to outweigh the positive commands of the prince ; and this idea, coupled with the description given by the General, determined her to overlook the little neglects which had given cause for the offence, but which were now in a great measure accounted for, by the statements she had, for the first time, heard. " You may tell him, sir," said she, " since you have taken upon yourself the trouble to act as mediator, that I am willing to allow him to come himself and solicit my pardon, if he come directly !"

" But, my dearest madam, his engagement ! He has an engagement which he cannot possibly neglect ! Allow him to wait on you upon his return !" exclaimed Tunbelly, who was not without serious apprehensions, from the appearance of

things, that, instead of expediting the departure of Sir Charles to the Pavilion by his visit to Miss Evergreen, he had unwittingly lent himself to procrastinate it.

Miss Evergreen, however, was not to be diverted from her resolution. Her triumph would be still incomplete, if she did not make Sir Charles give another evident proof to the General, in her presence, of the power she had acquired over him ; and she was determined to persevere. " Sir," said she, " I will not detain him many moments ; but I cannot receive back the baronet, unless he is introduced by yourself."

There was no alternative : it was evident that the young lady would not go from her purpose ; and although he might have carried back a deceptive message to the baronet, which might have, induced

him to accompany him to the Pavilion, he considered that Sir Charles would certainly hear of it afterwards, and the circumstance would not fail to stir up all the little courage he had in his composition. Every moment was precious; and Tunbelly feared that all superfluous delay would tend to irritate the Prince. In this predicament, he hesitated but a few moments, and then replied, "My dear madam, you are so despotic in your power, and so powerful in your despotism, that it is impossible to resist your commands. I fly to fetch the baronet: expect my return almost immediately."

Away went Tunbelly with all speed imaginable to Sir Charles, while Teresa, overjoyed at the nature and result of this visit, which had given her a positive assurance of her power over the baronet, hastened to impart to her mother all that

had happened ; and her ladyship immediately concurred, with her daughter as to the propriety of determining at once a quarrel which had been built upon no foundation, and of receiving back into her favour the lorn and broken-hearted Sir Charles. In the eagerness of Teresa's desire to complete her triumph, she had forgotten the assertion of Tunbelly, that Sir Charles was confined to his room ; and Tunbelly himself never recollected how far he had committed himself, until he had absolutely reached the residence of the baronet, and knocked at the door.

“ Well, General, what news ! ” shouted Sir Charles, running into the passage to meet his friendly courier, who in truth had very little of the appearance of a Mercury. “ Am I to be happy or miserable ? ”

A MOUTH IN BRIGTON.

“ You may have your choice, baron returned the General ;—“ but here I have got myself into a cursed scrape ! for, after declaring you were so ill as not to be able to leave your room, I have pledged myself that in the space of five minutes I will conduct you a close prisoner to the presence of your mistress, in order that she may sit in judgment upon your offences, and decree your punishment.”

The baronet was ready to embrace Tunbelly for this agreeable news, which exceeded what he had expected. “ Has she consented to see me ?” cried he, shuffling on his great coat ; “ don’t let me lose a moment my dear General ; I have all impatience to receive my pardon from her own lips. But, if you are fatigued my dear fellow, just rest yourself, I’ll run to Teresa, and return in a few minutes !”

"Not quite so fast, my dear baronet," answered Tunbely, putting his arm within one of Sir Charles's. — "I shall accompany you; for, give me leave to tell you, that, unless I introduce you, you will not be admitted into the presence of the lady at all. This is the specific condition. I am to be your conductor, and you must be completely under my control. Let us lose no time, however, for I have already exceeded the hour in which I pledged myself to my master to take you and my Lord Baron to fulfil your engagement. I will allow you just five minutes for explanation!"

The baronet was much too happy in the reflection that he was forgiven by Teresa, and was upon the point of receiving from her loved lips the corroboration of a fact so nearly connected with his happiness, to stand about any niceties

of time: Giving a general consent to whatever conditions Tanbelly might feel inclined to impose upon him, he suffered his guide to conduct him to the residence of Lady Evergreen: his heated imagination, during the whole of the way, being engaged in a thousand chimerical schemes of felicity, and in forming as many webs of oaths and sighs, with which to affix a seal to his forgiveness.

Teresa was waiting anxiously the arrival of her lover, and the moment he entered the room, she could with difficulty refrain from rushing towards him to welcome his arrival. Checking herself, however, she made a formal curtsy, and, as Sir Charles advanced rapidly to take her hand, simply told him, that, for a man who had been confined to his bed about half an hour before, she certainly had not calculated upon the pleasure of see-

ing him look so full of health and spirits. This remark she accompanied by an arch glance at Tunbely, which even confused the courtier for a moment.

“It was the stratagem of love, dearest Teresa, and you must not be too severe upon it,” ejaculated Sir Charles, pressing her hand eagerly to his lips, and bending on one knee before her as he went on: “Angelic girl, half an hour ago I was a wretch almost without hope, stretched on my bed, groaning with mental agony, and in the very extremity of despair. You have worked a miracle; for, by the spell of a single word, you have banished sorrow and despair, lighted up anew the fires of hope, and have given me new life and new energies. Can you condescend now to confirm the pardon of your love?”

“You admit then that you have sinned?”

cried Teresa, in a tone of playfulness ;
“ because, if you confess no sins, it is
absurd you know, Sir Charles, to apply
to me to grant you absolution.”

“ I do confess a thousand sins, angelic
creature !” said Sir Charles. “ I confess
the sin of negligence, in leaving you for
any consideration whatsoever : I confess
the sin of blindness, for not seeing that
heavenly countenance of your’s, even
though concealed under a mask, and for
being dolt enough to mistake another and
a stranger for my own adored Teresa : I
confess the sin of levity, because I was
fool enough to suffer her to impose upon
me, by way of punishment for making her
unmask, the penalty of walking up the
suite of rooms with her arm within mine.
I confess the sin of cowardice, because I
did not blow my brains out, when I found
out my mistake : and, if there be any

more sins which I have not mentioned, which you can add to my list, I confess them all, save the slightest inconstancy."

"And are you entirely freed from that?" asked Teresa, interrupting him: "Are you quite sure, that your heart has never once gone astray, nor felt an inclination to wander from the professions of your tongue?"

"On the rack, my dearest Teresa, I would swear that I never in thought, word, or action, departed from the strictest letter of constancy to thee!" replied Sir Charles, with an ardor of tone which conveyed to the heart of Teresa a conviction of its truth; and almost instantly adding, with a romantic air which exactly suited the taste of his fair one, "Forget thee, my adored Teresa! be inconstant to thee! Sooner let the cheering orb of day, by

whose influence we gain all the fruits of the earth, become extinct! Sooner let moon and stars cease to diffuse their silver radiance throughout the universe, than I be accused of a crime so foul, so unnatural, so anomalous as inconstancy to her who is the sun of my existence, the paradise of my hopes, the ultimate and highest object of all my most glowing wishes!"

Teresa, who was naturally of a very romantic disposition, could not withstand this tremendous attack upon her weakest part. It did not matter that she had lately read the same exclamations, *verbatim*, in one of the newest works of the day. It did not in the least detract from the sincerity nor the talents of Sir Charles, that he had stolen the form as well as the fire from a printed source. The effect was as complete as the baronet could have

wished; and the tender maid, unable any longer to hold out, sank tenderly into the arms of her lover, and completed the work of reconciliation with an affectionate kiss.

At this critical moment, Tunbelly cried out that the time he had allowed Sir Charles was expired, and that he must now quit the delights of pardon and love for the engagement he had made in another place. Sir Charles would willingly have forfeited his word, but Teresa whispered to him to come to her the next morning, and devote a few hours to her company, in order that she might have an opportunity of hearing from his lips all the circumstances which had occurred since their coolness, and that she in return might give him the history of her adventures at the masquerade."

The baronet pledged himself to attend

to an engagement in which his heart was so deeply interested; and, snatching a hasty kiss, surrendered himself to the pleasure of the General; who immediately led him to the residence of Lord Baron, who fortunately had not yet set out for the Pavilion. His lordship was soon dressed, and together the two marched to fulfil an engagement so pregnant with importance to all.

Sir Charles, as they proceeded towards the Pavilion, betrayed such frequent and long fits of absence, that both the General and Lord Baron were perpetually calling him to account for his unpoliteness; and Tunbelly more than once told him that he regretted acting as mediator, if the effect of the reconciliation was to disqualify him for the engagement to which he was hastening. Sir Charles, however, bore the raillery of his companions with stoi-

cal indifference; for he was, at this moment, as happy as circumstances could make him; and at the very moment when they were most severe in their jokes upon him, he was occupied in determining within himself to fix the day for his union with Teresa, of whose influence over his heart he had never been fully aware until within the last few hours.

After a short walk they reached the Pavilion, the very sight of which brought back to Tunbelly's recollection the affair of his mistress, which had been banished by the business in which she had got entangled since he had been away. The General now, in his turn, lapsed from gaiety into gravity; and from a cheerful companion became suddenly the dullest of the whole. Sir Charles now rallied him most unmercifully upon this change, but all without effect: he seemed to be sunk in an un-


conquerable apathy, when suddenly, as they ascended the steps of the Pavilion, a female figure hastily passed round one of the wings of the building, and Tunbelly, who had just caught a glimpse of her person, instantly quitted his two friends, and without saying a word broke away in full pursuit of the stranger.

"Ah, is that your game!" said Sir Charles, who had not heard a syllable of the affair of the morning; and leaving Lord Baron, without a single word of apology, away ran the baronet in chase of Tunbelly, who had just reached the angle of the building, and was looking after the female, who was walking rapidly over the grounds, when the baronet came up with him. "Do you want her?" asked Sir Charles. "If so, say the word, and I'll be after her in a moment. You did me a service to-day, and if you wish her brought

back, rely on me, she shall be by your side before you could prepare a speech to accost her with."

No sooner did Sir Charles make the offer, than Tunbelly eagerly accepted it; and in a moment the baronet was chasing the fair damsel over the grounds with all the speed he could command; while the unknown, finding herself pursued, mended her pace, and made every attempt to elude her pursuer, who, in spite of all her efforts, rapidly gained upon her, and very shortly passed her path and stopped her.

"Pardon me, madam," said Sir Charles, who could scarcely find breath to address her,—“Pardon me, for chasing you in this very ungallant style. But my friend there is smitten,—absolutely smitten, by G—; and really, you must do me the honor to allow me to conduct you to him.



I would not, for worlds, be rude; but I have pledged my honor to take you to him, in return for a service which he has just rendered me."

After looking for an instant at the baronet, with something between a smile of contempt and of astonishment, the unknown replied,—“Really, sir, your conduct deserves exposure. By what authority do you assume the right of insulting a female who is utterly unknown to you? Know, sir, that I can resent such treatment; and the General—General Tunbelly, sir, shall call you to a severe account.”

“Tunbelly! General Tunbelly, madam!” echoed Sir Charles, laughing immoderately at the oddity of the occurrence.—“Well, this is absolutely the best joke I ever knew! Why, madam, we are



all right at last ! We are all old friends ! Come, madam, take my arm, and allow me to escort you. You will be most agreeably deceived, I assure you. Why it is to the General himself I would lead you !”

There was an instant change in the countenance of the female at this news ; her look was no longer expressive of contempt, but of terror. “ I cannot go to him ! — I will not go !” screamed she, in an agony which moved Sir Charles to the very soul. “ Save me from him ! — Oh, take me any where but to the General ! I have deceived him, and I cannot—no, I cannot venture to meet him !”

The baronet was absolutely petrified with amazement : there was a mystery in the business which it was beyond his power to fathom ; yet his curiosity was so strongly roused, that he would have given

much to get at the secret. At this instant, however, Tunbelly himself, who had witnessed the parley for some time at a distance, came up; at sight of him the tears started into the eyes of the unknown, and, hiding her face in her handkerchief, she gave vent to a strain of grief apparently not loud but deep; while Sir Charles stood wondering within himself what might be the cause, and what would be the issue.

Tunbelly, however, interrupted the reflections of Sir Charles, by whispering to him,—“My dear baronet, you have rendered me a service, and I thank you. Add to the obligation by leaving us together: the matters on which we would discourse are private; but when I see you again, you shall know all. Pardon me for not being more explicit. I will join you in the Pavilion.”

Sir Charles was too well-bred a man, and had too high a respect for private feelings of this description, to hesitate a moment; although he would almost have parted with his ears to know what was going forward. Bowing, however, to the General, he instantly made the best of his way to Lord Baron, who was standing at the corner of the house, waiting for him; and, first informing him of what had occurred, they both entered the palace, and were forthwith introduced to the prince, who for some time had been most anxiously waiting for them.

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